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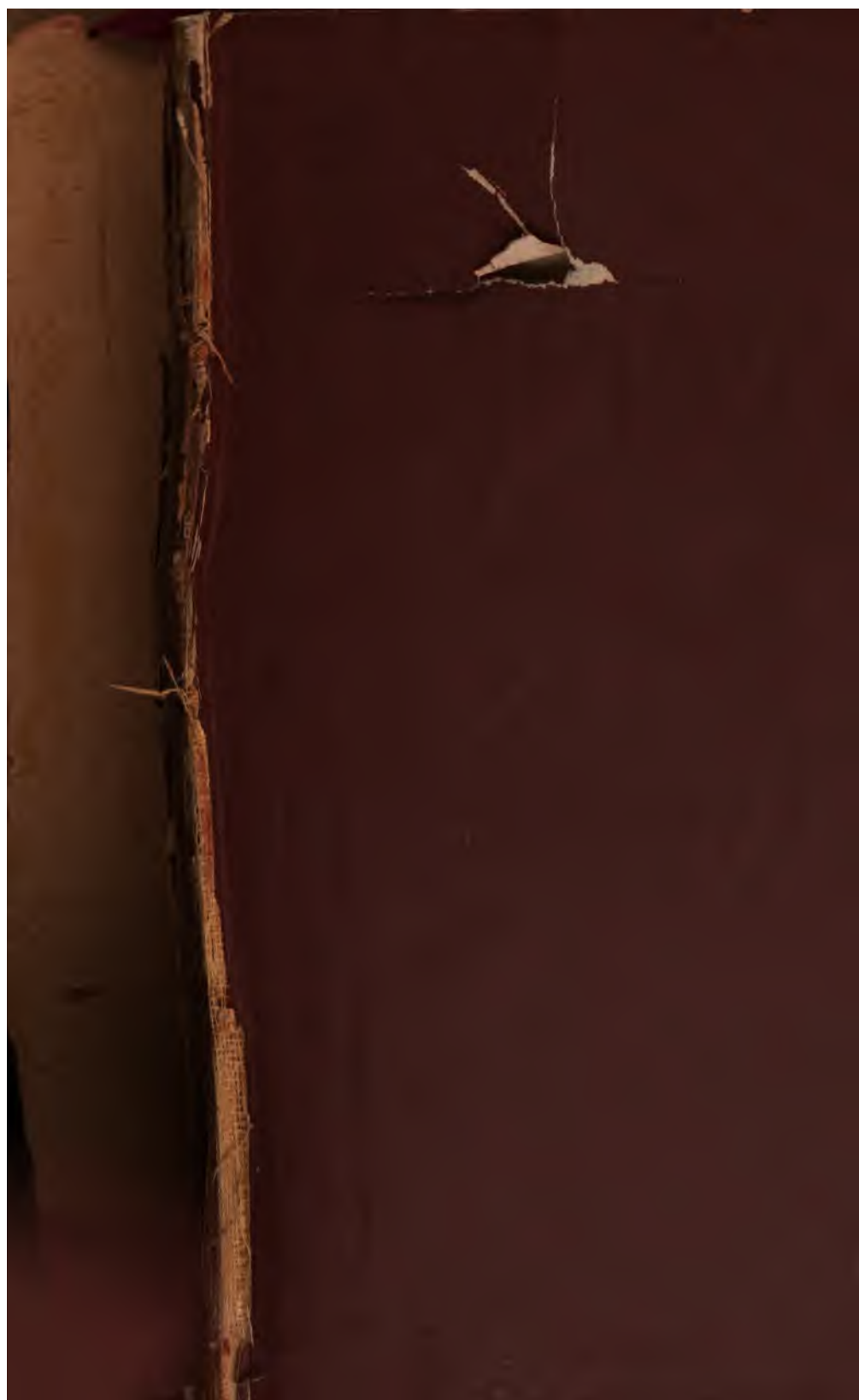
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Barnabæ Itinerarium

OR

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BARNABEE'S JOURNAL

BY RICHARD BRATHWAIT A.M.

*WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO
THE ITINERARY
AND A CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS*

EDITED FROM THE FIRST EDITION

BY JOSEPH HASLEWOOD

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires"

A NEW EDITION CAREFULLY REVISED.

By W. CAREW HAZLITT

VOL. II.

LONDON
FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
1876

Barnabæ
ITINERARIUM,
MIRTILI & FAUSTULI no-
minibus insignitum: Viatoris
Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis
numeris redactum, veterique Tono
BARNABÆ publicè
decantatum.

Authore *Corymbæo.*



Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.



Barnabees
JOURNAL,
Under the Names of
MIRTIUS & FAUSTULUS
shadowed : for the Travellers
Solace lately published, to most apt
numbers reduced, and to the old Tune
of **BARNABE** commonly
chanted.

By *Corymbæus*.



*The oyle of malt and juyce of spritely nectar
Have made my Muse more valiant than
Hector.*



LOYALL PHEANDER

to his.

ROYALL ALEXANDER.

THE title, Noble friend, of ALEX-
ANDER,

Were it nought else, implies a great
Commander.

And so you shall be still of me & mine,
With *Barnabe* couch'd in a reeling ryme:
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions
reele,

Whose *head* makes such Jambicks with
his *hee*le.







Vpon this Worke.

THis three dayes taske was once imposed me,
In the first Spring of my minoritie;
No edge of Razer then had toucht my chin,
Nor downy shade approach'd my supple Skin;
I knew not th' postures of this *Indian vapor*,
Nor made my Sacrifice unto my Taper;
I'd ne're seene any *Curtaine* nor *partition*,
Which beget worke for *Surgeon* and *Physician*;
I was a Novice in the Schoole of Sin,
Nor yet did taste, what others dived in.
Excuse this *Subject* then, if't doe not fit
The nicenesse of this Age for weight and wit.
Birds flicker first before they learne to fly,
And trust me on my credit so did I.
"Great Tasks when they'r to shorter times confin'd
"Will force a Worke mount lower than the mind."

Oppida





Ad Viatorem.

*O*ppida dum peragras, peragran-
do Poemata spectes,
Spectando titubes, Barnabe, nomen
habes.

To





To the Traveller.

T^{OWNES} while thou walk'st,
and seest this poetrie,
And seeing stumblest, thou art
Barnabe.

Ad





Ad Translatorem.

*P*essimus est Cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves.
Ast hic Translator corii peramabilis Actor,
Qui rythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

That





To the Tranflator.

THAT paltry Patcher is a bald Translator
Whose aule bores at the *Words* but not the
matter :
But this TRANSLATOR makes good use of lether
By stitching *ryme* and *reason* both together.

Mulciber,





Index Operis.

MUlciber, Uva, Venus, *redolens* ampulla, Silenus,
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.

Vul-





The Index of this Work.

V *Ulcane, Grape, Venus, Bottle,*
Silen's hooke,
Have *all* explain'd the title of this
Booke.

Sic





S^{*Ic me Parnassi deserta per ardua*}
dulcis
Raptat amor—





Thus through vast Desarts,
promontories wilde,
Parnassus love drawes *Bacchus*
onely childe.



U of M

Barnabæ Itinerarium,
Anglo-Latinum.

Itineris Borealis :

Pars Prima.

MIRTILUS & FAUSTULUS

Interlocutores.

MIRTIL.



FAUSTULE, *tende palmam,*
Accipe calicem vitibus aliam ;
Tu ne vinctus es dolore ?
Uve tinctus sis colore.
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

O Faustule, dic amico
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, sive tecto,
Sine linteo, sine lecto,
Propinasti, quis tabernis,
An in Terris, an Avernis ?



Barnabee's Journall,
English and Latine:

His Northerne Journey :

First Part.

MIRTI^LUS & FAUSTULUS
inter-speakers.

MIRTI^L.



FAUSTULUS, stretch thy hand out,
Take thy Liquor, doe not stand out ;
Art thou prest with griping dolour ?
Let the grape give thee her colour.

Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,
Drinke down care, and thou art wiser.

O *Faustulus*, tell thy true hart,
In what Region, Coast, or New part,
Field or Fold thou hast beene bousing,
Without linnen, bedding, housing,
In what Taverne, pray thee show us,
Here on Earth, or else below us ?

B



U O P M



Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

FAUSTUL.



*Mirtile, baculum fixi
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In pistrinis, in popinis,
In Coquinis, in Culinis,
Huc, & illuc, istic, ibi,
Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.*

*In progressu Boreali,
Ut processi ab Australi,
Veni Banbery, O prophanium !
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho stravit Murem.*

*Veni Oxford, cui comes
Est Minerva, fons Platonis ;
Unde scatent peramænè
Aganippe, Hippocrene ;
Totum fit Atheniense,
Imò Cornu Reginense.*

*Inde Godstow cum amicis,
Vidi Tumbam Meretricis ;
ROSAMUNDAM tegit humus,
Pulvis & umbra corpore sumus :
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo sepelietur.*



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Barnabees Journall.

First part.

FAUSTUL



Mirtilus, I will show thee,
Thousand places since I saw thee,
In the Kidcoat I had switching,
In the Tap-house, Cook-shop, Kitching,
This way, that way, each way shrunk I,
Little eat I, deeply drunk I.

In my progresse travelling Northward,
Taking my farewell oth' Southward,
To *Banbery* came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one,
Hanging of his Cat on Monday,
For killing of a Mouse on Sondag.

To *Oxford* came I, whose Copesmato
Is *Minerva*, Well of *Plato*;
From which Seat doe streame most seemlie,
Aganippe, *Hippocrene*;
Each thing ther's the *Muses Minion*,
Queenes College-Horn speakes pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godsto*, with my Lovers,
Where a Tombe a Strumpet covers;
ROSAMUND lies there interred,
Flesh to dust and shade's compared,
Lye he 'bove, or lye she under,
To be buried is no wonder.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Inde Woodstock, quò spectandum
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt, sed spectare nollem,
Reperi vivam Hospitem mollem ;
Gratior sociis est jocundis,
Mille mortuis Rosamundis.*

*Veni Brackley, ubi natus
Stirpe vili Magistratus,
Quem conspexi residentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, " Male agis,
" Bibe minus, ede magis.*

*Veni Daintre cum puella,
Procerum celebre duello,
Ibi bibi in Caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec creta fregit fidem.*

*Veni Leister ad Campanam,
Ubi mentem lasi sanam ;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Custodes,
Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.*





Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,
Where a Labyrinth's reported,
But of that no 'count I tender,
I found an Hostesse quicke and slender :
And her Guests more sweetly eying,
Than a thousand *Rosamunds* dying.

From thence to *Brackley*, as did beseeme one,
The May'r I saw, a wondrous meane one,
Sitting, thatching and bestowing
On a Wind-blowne house a strowing,
On me, cald he, and did charme mee,
“ Drinke lesse, eat more, I doe warne thee.

Thence to *Daintree* with my *Jewell*,
Famous for a *Noble Duell*,
Where I drunk and took my Common
In a Taphouse with my Woman ;
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leister*,
Where my braines did need a plaister ;
First night that I was admitted,
By the Watchmen I was whipped,
Black and blew like any tetter
Beat I was to make me better.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Gottam, ubi multos
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra Lunam,
Alteram nitidam puellam
Offerentem porco sellam.*

*Veni * Nottingam, tyrones
Sherwoodenses sunt Latrones,
Instar Robin Hood & Servi
Scarlet, & Johannis Parvi ;
Passim, sparsim peculantur,
Cellis, Sylvis deprædantur.*

* Mortimeriados morti dos, gloria pulvis,
Atria sunt frondes, nobilis Aula seges.
Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluente spadonis,
Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.

*Clamat tempus edo, vocemque repercutit Ecco,
Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit Ego.*

*O vos Heroës attendite fata sepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris !
Non estis luti melioris in orbe Superbis ;
Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.*





Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Gottam*, where sure am I,
Though not all fooles I saw many ;
Here a She-gull found I prancing,
And in Moon-shine nimbly dancing,
There another wanton madling
Who her Hog was set a sadling. .

Thence to **Nottingham*, where rovers,
High-way riders, *Sherwood* drovers,
Like old *Robin-Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
Or like *Little John* his varlet ;
Here and there they shew them doughty,
Cells and Woods to get their booty.

* Brave *Mortimer's* now dead, his glory dust,
His Courts are clad with grasse, his Hall with rust.
His staires steepe steps, his Horse-troughs cisterns are,
Wormes his embraces, kisses ashes share.

Time cryes, I eat, and Ecco answers it :
But gone, e're to returne, is held unfit.

O Heroes of these Heroes take a view,
They'r to their fathers gone, and so must you !
Of better clay you are not than these men,
And they are dead, and you must follow them.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Mansfield, ubi nōram
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum,
Dedi ictum, egi actum,
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam & ancillam.*

*Veni * Overbowles, ubi * Dani
Habitarunt tempore Jani;
Patet oppidanus callis
Circum circa clausus vallis,
Castris, claustris, & speluncis
Tectus cæcis, textus juncis.*

*Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes Sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia Hospes erat Templo,
Intrans vidi Sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo poculis notum.*

** Temporibus Jani Sedes fuit ultima * Dani,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.*





Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Mansfield*, where I knew one,
That was comely and a trew one,
With her a nak'd compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I,
Towne and her I left, being doubtfull
Lest my love had made her fruitfull.

Thence to **Overbowles*, where **Danus*
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus* ;
Way to th' Towne is well disposed,
All about with trenches closed,
Pallisado's hid with bushes,
Rampires overgrowne with rushes.

On a Feast day came I thether,
When good people flockt together,
Where induc'd by their exemple,
I repair'd unto the Temple ;
Where I heard the Preacher gravely
With his Nose pot-tipt most bravely.

* In *Janus* time was *Danus* seated here,
As by their pales and trenches may appeare.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iste clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipse tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veste trita;
Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
Fregit pedibus *Suggestum.*

*Qua occasione nacta,
Tota grex †expergefacta,
Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pransum redeunt, unus horum,
Plebem sequor non Pastorem.*

*Veni Clowne, ubi vellem
Pro liquore dare pellem,
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me Hospitem tractat bene
Donec restat nil crumenæ.*

* *Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.*

Lucret.

† *O cives, cives, Sacris attendite rivis,
Præceptor legerit, vos verò negligitis.*





Barnabee's Fournall.

First part.

Dormise-like the people seemed,
Though he cride, they sleeping dreamed ;
For his life, tho there was harme in't,
Heart was lesse rent than his garment ;
With his feet he did so thunder
As the * pulpit fell asunder.

Which occasion having gotten,
All †awake, the pulpit broken ;
While the Preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boords than beards surrounded,
All to dinner, who might faster,
And among them I left Pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* came I the quicker,
Where I'de given my skin for liquer,
None was there to entertaine us
But a Nogging of Vulcanus,
Who afford't me welcome plenty,
Till my seame-rent purse grew empty.

* The fragments of which pulpit they were pleas't
To sacrifice to th' ashes of their Feast.

Lucret.

† Pray you, good Townsmen, sacred Springs affect,
Let not your Preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Rothram usque Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi aurum,
Diu steti, sed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulsus, doctè
Clam putabam ire nocte.*

*Veni Doncaster, ubi sitam
Vidi levem & Levitam,
Quæ vieta & vetusta,
Parum pulchra aut venusta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, osculari.*

*Veni *Aberford, ubi notum
Quod aciculis emunt potum,
Pauperes sunt & indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.*

** Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore Vico hospitium suscepimus, quidam Acicularius, è grege præ cæteris, famâ egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus interiit: In cujus memoriam hoc inscriptum comperimus Epilaphiû.*

— ð Mors crudelis
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem stravisti,

Qui meliorem
Erasit pulverem
Quàm tu de eo secesti.





Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I stoutly rored
Till oth' Bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence ashamed while brows smarted,
I by Night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Doncaster*, who'l beleeve it !
Both a *Light-one* and a *Levite*
There I viewed ; too too aged,
Yet to love so farre engaged,
As on Earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to **Aberford*, whose beginning
Came from buying drink with pinning ;
Poor they are and very needy,
Yet of liquor too too greedy ;
Have they never so much plenty,
Belly makes their purses empty.

* At such time as we sojourn'd in this poor Village, it chanced that a certaine Pinner, and one of the choicest of all his Flocke, being choaked with pin-dust, dyed : To whose Memory wee find this Epitaph indorsed.

— ô cruell Death
To rob this man of breath,
Who whil'st he liv'd in scraping of a pin,
Made better dust, than thou hast made of him.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Wetherbe, ubi visam
Clari Ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta strepit,
Et strependo Dux me cepit;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcipitem foris pellit.**

*Hinc diverso cursu, serò
Quod audissem de Pindero
Wakefeeldensi, gloria mundi,
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
Mecum statui peragrarè
Georgii fustem visitare.*

*Veni Wakefeeld peramœnum,
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii signum,
Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio fortior eram.*

* In Corneolo Angiportu,
Subamaniore Horto
Speciosa manet scorta,
Meretriciâ Procans sportâ.





Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Wetherbe*, where an apt one
To be *Tweake* unto a Captaine
I embraced, as I gat it,
Door creek'd, Captain tooke me at it,
Took me and by th' Eares he drew me,
And headlong down staires he threw me.*

Turning thence, none could me hinder
To salute the *Wakefield Pinder* ;
Who indeed's the worlds glory,
With his *Cumrades* never sory.
This the cause was, lest you misse it,
Georgies Club I meant to visit.

Streight at *Wakefeeld* was I seene a,
Where I sought for *George* a *Greene* a,
But I could find no such creature,
On a Signe I saw his feature :
Where the strength of ale so stirr'd me,
I grew stouter farre than *Geordie*.

* Neare *Horne-Alley* in a Garden
A wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*
Sojourns, one that scorns a Wast-coat,
Wooing Clients with her basket.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Bradford, cessi foris
In Familiam Amoris,
Amant istæ & amantur,
Crescunt & multiplicantur,
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.*

*Veni Kighley, ubi montes
Minitantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt Sodales,
Festivantes & jucundi,
Ac si Domini essent Mundi.*

*Veni Giggleswick, parum frugis
Profert tellus clausa jugis ;
Ibi * vena prope viæ
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque norunt unde vena,
An a sale vel arena.*

* *E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit & refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.*





Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Bradford*, my tongue blisters
At the *Family of Sisters*,
They love, are lov'd to no Eye-show,
They increase and multiply too,
Furnish'd with their spritely weapons
She-flesh feeles Clarks are no Capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are mountaines
Steepy-threatning, lively fountaines,
Rising Hills, and barraine valleis,
Yet *Bon-Socio's* and good fellowes,
Joviall-jocund-jolly Bowlers,
As they were the world Controulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most sterill,
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of perill ;
Neare to th' way as Traveller goeth,
A fresh * Spring both Ebbes and Floweth,
Neither know the Learnd'st that travell
What procures it, *Salt* or *Gravell*.

* Neare th' bottom of this Hill, close by the way
A fresh Spring Ebs and Flowes all houres oth'day.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Clapham, unus horum
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mihi Halicem promisit ;
Halicem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.*

*Veni Ingleton, ubi degi
Donec fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, saxa pluunt,
Queis percussus, timens lædi,
His Posteriora dedi.*

*Veni Lonesdale, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in Tabernam ;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, pauca curæ ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.*

*Pirgus inest fano, fanum sub acumine Collis,
Collis ab elatis actus & auctus aquis.*





Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nyer
He that was the common Cryer,
☞ To a breakefast of one Herring
Did invite me first appearing.
Herring he, I drinke bestowed,
Pledges of the love we owed.

Thence to *Ingleton*, where I dwelled
Till I brake a Blacksmiths palled,
Which done, women rush'd in on me,
Stones like haile showr'd down upon me,
Whence amated, fearing harming,
Leave I tooke, but gave no warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where I viewed
An Hall which like a Taverne shewed ;
Neate Gates, white Walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brim-full, no thought of caring :
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

The poore mans box is in the Temple set,
Temple on Hill, th'Hill is by waters bet.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

*Veni Cowbrow, vacca collem,
Vbi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pinguī ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Vti bibula titubat Vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.*

*Veni Natland, eò ventus,
Eboraci qui Contemptus
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa Maypole, plebe lusi.*

*Veni Kirkland, veni Kendall,
Omnia hausi, vulgo Spendall,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.
" Tege caput, tende manum,
" Manu caput fit insanum.*

*His relictis, Staveley vidi,
Vbi tota nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi Cætus,
Queis jurando sum mansurus,
Donec Barnabe rediturus.*

FINIS.





Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, truth I'll tell ye,
Mine hostesse had a supple bellie,
Bodie plumpe, and count'nance cheerfull,
Reeling pace (a welcome fearfull)
Like a drunken Hag she stumbled,
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, being come thither,
He who *Yorks* Contempts did gather
Gave me harbour, light as fether
We both drunke and eat together,
Till halfe-typsy, as it chanced,
We about the *Maypole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which men call *Spendall*,
Night and day with Sociats many
Drunk I ale both thick and clammy.
"Shroud thy head, Boy, stretch thy hand too,
"Hand h'as done, head cannot stand to.

Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,
Where now all night drinking am I,
Alwayes frolick, free from yellows,
With a Consort of good fellows,
Where I'll stay and end my journey,
Till Brave *Barnabe* returne-a.

FINIS.





In *Bacci* Thyrfum &
Barnabæ Nafum,

Epigramma,

aliàs,

Nafutum Dilemma.



*Ædera læta bono non est su-
spensa falerno,
Thyrus enim Bacci, Barnabæ
Nasus erit.*

*Non opus est thyrsos, non frōde virente cupressi,
Si non Thyrus erit, Barnabe Nasus olet.*





*Upon Bacchus Bush and
Barnabees Nose,*

an Epigram,

or

Nose-twitching Dilemme.



Ood Wine no Bush it needs, as
I suppose,
Let *Bacchus* bush bee *Barnabees*
rich Nose.

No Bush, no Garland needs of Cipresse
greene,

Barnabees Nose may for a Bush be seene.





Corollarium.

N*On thyrsus, thyasus, cyathus
tibi thyrsus & ursus,
Thyrsus quo redoles , ursus ut intus
oles.*

No





Corollarie.

N^o bush, no garland; pot's
thy *Bush & Beare*,
Of *Beare & Bush* thou smellest all
the yeere.

Bar-



Barnabæ
ITINERARIUM.

Pars secunda.

Authore *Corymbæo.*



Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Barnabees
JOURNAL.

The second part.

By *Corymbæus.*



Ore-flowing Cups whom have they not
made learn'd?



Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars Secunda.

MIRTIL.



*Austè (FAUSTULE) rediisti,
Narra (precor) quò venisti,
Villas, vicos visitasti,
Cætus, Situs peragrasti,
Certè scis ab Aquilone,
Multum mali, parum boni.*

Bar-





Barnabees Journall.

The Second Part.

MIRTIL.



AUSTULUS ! happily returned ;
Tell me, pray thee, where th'st jour-
ned ;
What Townes, villages th'ast viewed,
What Seats, Sites, or States were shewed ;
Sure thou know'st the North's uncivill,
Small good comes thence, but much evill.

Ille





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

FAUSTUL.



*Lle ego sum qui quondam,
Crines, mores, vestes nondum
Sunt mutatae, nam recessi,
Calceamentis quæis discessi,
Neque pectine usus fui,
Sic me meis juvat frui.*

*Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
* Pontes, fontes, montes, valles,
Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,
Vias, villas, vicos, vices,
Castas cautas, meretrices.*

*Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior sum quàm eram,
Vno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec fœlicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minus sanus, magis æger.*

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, Ecclesia, fœmina, lana.





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

FAUSTUL.



Hat I was once, same I am now,
Haire, conditions, garments same too,
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
These the same shooes I went out with ;
And for combe I ne're us'd any,
Lest I lost some of my *Meney*.

But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
* Bridges, fountaines, mountaines, valleis,
Cauls, cells, hillocks, high-wayes, shallows,
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,
Chast-choice-chary-merry wenches.

Truth I'll tell thee, nothing surer,
Richer am I not, nor poorer,
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in season,
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthfuller nor sicker.

* England amongst all Nations, is most-full .
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wooll.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Ego enim mundum totum
Tanti esse quanti potum
Semper duxi: mori mallem
Nobilem quàm vitare allam:
"Sobrius similis apparet Agno,
Ebrius Alexandro Magno."*

*Leviore nam Mæandro
Capite capto, sum Lysandro
Multò fortior, & illæsum
Puto me capturum Rhesum;
Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad progressum.*

*Primò occurrit peragranti
* Oppidum Johannis Ganti,
Sedes nota & vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,
Janitorem habens qualem
Mundus vix ostendet talem.*

* Scinditur a clivo Turris, bitumine murus;
Mania sic propriis sunt reditura rogis.





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

For the world I so farre prize it,
But for Liquor I'd despise it,
Thousand deaths I'd rather dye too,
Than hold Ale mine Enemy too :
"Sober, Lamb-like doe I wander,
"Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*.

When my head feeles his Mæander,
I am stronger than *Lysander* ;
Th'Ille of *Ree* I little feare it
Without wound to winne and weare it ;
But lest tedious I expresse me,
To my *Progresse* I'le addresse me.

First place where I first was knowne-a,
Was brave *John a Gants* * old Towne-a,
A Seat antiently renowned,
But with store of Beggars drowned :
For a *Jaylor* ripe and mellow,
The world h'as not such a fellow.

* An ancient Arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest Piles give way to time.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Ashton, ubi vinum,
Militem, & Heroinam,
Clarum, charum, & formosam,
Damam, domum speciosam
Vidi, mersi mero Musam,
Donec pes amisit usum.*

*Veni Garestang, ubi malè
Intrans forum Bestiale,
Fortè vacillando vico
Huc & illuc cum amico,
In Juvenæ dorsum rui,
Cujus cornu læsus fui.*

*Veni Preston, ductus eram
Ad bacchantem Banisterum,
Ac si una stirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati;
Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.*

*Veni Euxston, ubi hospes
Succi plena, corpore sospes,
Crine Sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phyllis.*





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be
Was the wine, brave Knight, bright Ladie,
All I saw was comely specious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious ;
My Muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,
When I walk't, my legs denaid it.

Thence to *Garestang*, pray you harke it,
Ent'ring there a great Beast-market,
As I jogged on the street-a
'Twas my fortune for to meet-a
A young Heyfer, who before her
Tooke me up and threw me o're her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,
To brave *Banisters* to bed-a,
As two borne and bred together
We were presently sworne brether ;
Seven dayes were me there assigned,
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euxston*, where mine Hostesse
Feeles as soft as any tost is,
Jucy, lusty, count'nance toothsome,
Braided haire, but breath most loathsome ;
Her I left with locks of amber,
Phyllis light me to my chamber.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Wiggin prope cœnam,
Ad hospitulam obscœnam ;
Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit & jocunda ;
Sparsit anus intellectum,
Me relicto, minxit lectum.*

*Veni Newton in Salictis,
Vbi ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella speciosa,
Cujus nomen erat * Rosa,
Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.*

*Veni Warrington, profluentes
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multo satius ratus
Mergi terris quàm in aquis,
Vixi lautè, bibi lætè,
Donec aquas signant metæ.*

* Quàm Rosa spiravit ! sed odoribus Aquilo flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Wiggin* about Supper,
To an Hostesse, none more slutter,
Buxome was she yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for companie too ;
Wit this Beldam soon did scater,
And in Bed distill'd her water.

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,
Where being boulstred up with pillows,
I at Cards plaid with a girle
**Rose* by name, a dainty pearle,
At Cent-foot I often moved
Her to love me whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, banks or'eflowed,
Travellers to th' Towne were rowed,
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on Land than Water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

* Fresh was my *Rose*, till by a *Northwind* tost,
She sap, sent, verdure, and her vigour lost.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Budworth usque Gallum,
Vbi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus ;
Mihi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.*

*Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi Thomam Gandi,
Holmi petii Sacellum,
Vbi conjugem & puellam
Vidi pulchras, licet serò
Has neglexi, mersus mero.*

*Hinc ad Tauka-Hill peruentum,
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, Cythera sponte
Cornua fixit Lemnia fronte.*

*Novo-Castro Subter linum,
Mulsum propinavi vinum ;
Nullus ibi fuit scelestus,
Vox clamantis in suggestis ;
Portas castitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.*





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drunk strong ale as browne as berry,
Till at last with deep-healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled ;
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two Poulterers supported.

Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest Hoast *Tom. Gandi*,
To *Holme Chappell* forthwith set I,
Maid and Hostesse both were pretty,
But to drinke tooke I affection,
I forgot soone their complexion.

Thence to *Tauke-a-Hill* resort I,
An hill steepy, slippery, durty ;
Smith with me being well acquainted
Drunk with me till's wits were tainted,
Having left me, *Venus* swore it,
She'd shooe-horn her *Vulcans* forehead.

At *New-Castle under line-a*,
There I trounc'd it in burn't wine-a ;
None oth' *Wicked* there remained,
Weekly Lectures were proclaimed :
Chastity they roughly handle,
When blind zeale snuffs out the candle.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Stone ad Campanam,
Vidi * Deliam non Dianam ;
Hic suspectam habens vitam
Pastor gregis, Jesuitam
Me censebat, sed in certas
Nil invenit præter chartas.*

*Haywood properans malignam,
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi Hospes ; sed quid restat ?
Calices haurire præstat :
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potus cibum.*

*Veni Ridgelay, ubi Faber,
Cui liquor Summus labor,
Mecum bibit ; Nocte data
Mihi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit Oceanus in lecto.*

* δ mellea, mea Delia !





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to th'*Bell* at *Stone* streight draw I,
**Delia* no *Diana* saw I ;
By the Parson I was cited
Who held me for Jesuited ;
In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but Cards were in my pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
The Hostesse gave me brawne at night-a ;
But what's that unto the matter ?
Whiskins sorted with my nature :
To brave Bacchus no gift quicker
Than oblations of strong liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a Black-smith,
Liquor being all hee'd take with,
Boused with me ; mid-night waking
And a looking-glasse there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lye wet till morrow.

* & my honey-suckle *Delia* !





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Bruarton, Claudī domum,
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem ;
Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma byne instar vini.*

Inde Lichfield properabam,
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscaenum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam ;
Hausto vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.*

*Veni Colesill, ad macellum,
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Fortè ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, ursā mordet ;
Sed ut Lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.*

* *Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in Ecclesiam vallis optima tuam.*





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*
Did approve us and applaud us,
Where I heard a wofull bleating,
A curst wife her husband beating;
Neighbour rode for this default-a,
While I dyde my front with malt-a.

Thence to * *Lichfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A Curmudgeon rich but nasty,
To a supper of a pasty.
Having sipt, and supt, and ended,
What I spent, the Miser lended.

Thence to *Colesill*, to a Shamble
Like an old Fox did I amble,
To a cellar, troth I'le tell ye,
Fusty, musty, headlong fell I;
But the Butcher having made-a
Th'fire his bed, no more I staid-a.

* Inclos'd with cliffs, trees, Sciens, Artichokes,
The fruitfull vale up to thy Temple lookes.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Meredin, Meri-die,
Ubi longæ fessus via,
Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim reperi;
Cum qua propinando mansi,
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.*

*Veni Coventre, ubi dicunt
Quod Cæruleum filium texunt,
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim empsi foro,
Nec discerni juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.*

*Veni Dunchurch per latrones
Ad lurcones & lenones,
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem;
Etsi Dives metu satur,
Cantet vacuus Viator.*

*Manè Daintre ut venissem,
Corculum quod reliquissem,
Avidè quærens per musæum,
Desponsatum esse eam
Intellexi, qua audita,
"Vale (dixi) Proselyta.*





Barnabees Journal.

Second part.

Thence at *Meredin* appeare I,
Where growne surfoot and sore weary,
I repos'd, where I chuckt Jone-a,
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a ;
There we drunk, and no guest crost us,
Till I tooke the Hoast for th'Hostesse.

Thence to *Coventre*, where 'tis said-a
Coventre blew is only made-a ;
This I know not, for sure am I
In no Market bought I any ;
Bacchus made me such a Scholer,
Black nor blew, I knew no colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where report is
Of pimps, punks a great resort is,
But to me none such appeared,
Bung nor Bung-hole I ne're feared ;
Though the rich Chrones have feares plenty,
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At *Daintre* earely might you find me,
But not th'Wench I left behind me,
Neare the Schoole-house where I boused,
Her I sought but she was spoused,
Which I having heard that night-a,
" Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Wedon, ubi varii
Omnis gentis Tabellarii
Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus :
" Solvite Sodales læti,
" Plus * reliqui quam accepi.*

*Veni Tosseter die Martis,
Ubi Baccalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.*

*Veni Stratford, ubi Grenum
Procis procam, Veneris venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
† Verdor oris perit rugis ;
Flos ut viret semel aret,
Forma spreta procis caret.*

* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.
† Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo ;
Nomine si vireo, Vere tamen pereo.





Barnabees Journal.

Second part.

Thence to *Wedon*, there I tarried
In a Waggon to be carried ;
Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' world run round-a ;
“ Pay, good fellows, I’le pay nought heere,
“ I have* left more than I brought heere.

Thence to *Tosseter* on a Tuesday,
Where an artfull Batchler chus’d I
To consort with ; we ne’re budged,
But to Bacchus revels trudged ;
All the Night-long sat we at it
Till we both grew heavy pated.

Thence to *Stratford* where *Frank*† *Green*-a,
Daintiest Doe that e’re was seene-a,
Venus varnish me saluted,
But no beauty long can sute it ;
Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her wooer vadeth.

* My queasy stomach making bold,
To give them that it could not hold.

† *Green* is my name from him whom I obey,
But tho my name be *Green*, my head is gray.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Tenens cursum & decorum,
Brickhill, ubi Juniolem
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo Sapientum ;
Sonat vox ut Philomela,
Ardet nasus ut candela.*

*Hocklayhole ut accessissem,
Cellam Scyllam incidissem,
Antro similem Inferni,
Aut latibulo Lavernæ ;
Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quàm Orlando.*

*Veni Dunstable, ubi mures
Intus reptant, extus fures,
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii mansit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.*

*Veni Redburne, ubi Mimi
Neque medii, neque primi :
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano gestu situs,
* Convivalem cecinit odem,
Heus tu corrige diploidem !*

* Actor. *Dapes Convivio, sapore vario.*

Auctor. *Diplois spatto lataque medio.*

Corrige diploidem egregie Nebulo.





Barnabees Journal.

Second part.

Holding on my journey longer,
Streight at *Brickhill* with TOM YOUNGER.
I arriv'd ; one by this cheese-a
Styl'd the eighth wiseman of *Greece-a*,
Voyce more sweet than *Prognés* sister,
Like a Torch his nose doth glisten.

To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,
Scylla's barmy cell I broached,
Darke as th' Cave of *Pluto's* station,
Or *Laverna's* habitation ;
Quaffing there while I could stand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

Thence to *Dunstable*, all about me ;
Mice within, and Thieves without me ;
But no feare affrights deep drinkers,
There I tost it with my Skinkers ;
Not a drop of wit remained
Which the Bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redburne*, where were Players,
None of *Roscious* actiue heyres ;
Prologue crown'd with a Wreath of Iuy,
Jetted like an Ape most lively :
I told them sitting at the *banket
They should be canvas'd in a blanket.

* *Actor.* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es
Of Sun-dry ta-ast.

Author. Even so is thy doo-blet too long ith wa-ast ;
Goe mend it, thou knave, goe mend it.

E





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Illinc stomacho inani
Petii opidum * Albani,
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentem ad Londinum
Manum manu cepi mea,
Ac si socia esset ea.*

*Veni Barnet Signo Bursie,
Ubi convenissent Ursi,
Propinquant duo horum
Parum studiosi morum,
Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo posteriora fœtent.*

*Veni Highgate, quo prospexi
† Urbem perditè quam dilexi,
Hic Tyronibus exosum
Hausi Cornu tortuosum,
Ejus memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.*

* Hic Albanus erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

† Tot Colles Romæ, quot sunt Spectacula Trojæ,
Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo.
Ista manent Trojæ Spectacula: 1 Busta, 2 Gigantes,
3 Histrio, 4 Dementes, 5 Struthiones, 6 Ursa, 7 Leones.





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

From thence with a stomack empty
To the towne of **Albane* went I,
Where with wine I was so undon,
As the *Hand* which guides to *London*
In my blind hand I receaved,
And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,
There the Beares were come to Town-a ;
Two rude Hunks, 'tis troth I tell ye,
Drawing neare them, they did smell me,
And like two mis-shapen wretches
Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
† City I so dearely loved,
And th' *Horne of Matriculation*
Drunk to th'freshmen of our Nation,
To his memory saluted
Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

* Here *Alban* was ; his Tombe, his Title too ;
" All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now.

† Seven Hills there were in *Rome*, and so there be
Seven Sights in *New-Troy* crave our memorie :
1 Tombes, 2 *Guild-Hall Giants*, 3 *Stage-plates*, 4 *Bedlam poore*,
5 *Ostrich*, 6 *Beare-garden*, 7 *Lyons* in the Towre.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Veni Hollowell, pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem vocant omnes
Meretricis Babylonis ;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem, foris pulsant.*

*Veni Islington ad Leonem,
Ubi spectans Histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.*

*Ægrè jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-Bury
Primò petii, qua exosa
Sentina, Holburni Rosa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Gripphem veteris Bayly.*

*Ubi expectectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias indiès specto,
Quò victurus, donec ætas
Rure curas tollet mæstas ;
Festus FAUSTULUS & festivus,
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.*





Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Hollowell*, *Mother red cap*,
In a troupe of Trulls I did hap ;
Whoors of *Babylon* me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called ;
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to *Islington* at *Lion*,
Where a juggling I did spy one,
Nimble with his Mates consorting,
Mixing cheating with his sporting ;
Creeping into th'Case of's viall
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left ; I in a fury
To the *Axe in Alder-Bury*
First arrived, that place slighted
I at *Rose in Holborne* lighted,
From the *Rose* in flaggons sayle I
To the *Griphin* ith' *Old Bayly*.

Where no sooner doe I waken,
Than to *Three Cranes* am I taken,
Where I lodge and am no starter
Till I see the Summer quarter ;
Pert is *FAUSTULUS* and pleasing,
Cup brimfull, and corpse in season.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

*Ego etiam & Sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Visitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua Cervi,
Sed Actæon anxius horum,
Luce separat uxorem.*

Yea





Barnabees Fournall.

Second part.

Yea, my merry mates and I too
Oft to th' *Cardinals Hat* fly to,
Where to *Harts Horns* we carouse it,
As *Minerva* doth infuse it,
But *Actæon* sick oth' yellows
Mewes his wife up from good fellows.

Sub





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Sub Sigillo *tubi* fumantis
& *thyrsi* flammantis, motu
MULCIBERI Naso-flagrantis.

Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem fert Tobacco,
Uti Libet, tunc signata,
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
Uti Fiet, nota certa
Qua delineatur charta.

Télos, *sine telis non typis.*

FINIS.

Under





Barnabees Journall

Second part.

Under th' Signe of *Pipe* still fuming,
And the *Bush* for ever flaming,
Mulciber the motion moving,
With Nose-burning Master shaming :

A Shop neighbouring neare Iacco,
Where *Young* vends his old Tobacco,
As you like it, sometimes sealed,
Which Impression since repealed,
As you make it, he will have it,
And in Chart and Front engrave it :
Harmlesse but no artlesse end
Cloze I here unto my Friend.

FINIS.

Inter





In Errata.

I*Nter Accipitrem & Buteonem,
Juxta phrasem percommunem,
Spectans ista typis data,
Hæc comperui Errata;
Quæ si corrigas (Candide Lector)
Plena coronet pocula nectar.*



*A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcē.*

Errando, disco.

Betwixt





Upon the Errata's.

BETwixt *Hawke* and *Buzzard*, ô man,
After th' Phraze of speech so cõmon,
Having seene this *Journall* at print,
I found these *Erata's* in it;
Which if thou correct (Kind Reader)
Nectar by thy Muses feeder.

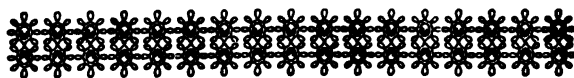


From the head unto the foot
Nought but *Error*, looke unto't.

This observation have I found most true,
Erring, I *learne* mine Errors to subdue.

Jam





I *Am Venus Vinis reditura Venis,
Jam Venus Venis peritura plenis,
Nam Venus Venis patitur serenis,
Nectare plenis.*

** Sopor nam Vinis provocatur Venis,
Cui nulla magis inimica Venus.*

Now





NOW *Venus* pure *Veines* are with *Wines*
inflamed,
Now *Venus* full *Veines* are by wines re-
strained,
For *Venus* swolne *Veines* are by Morpheus
chained,
From folly wained.

Bar-



Barnabæ
ITINERARIUM.

Pars Tertia.

Authore *Corymbæo*.



Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.

Barnabees
JOURNAL.

The Third part.

By *Corymbæus.*



Full-blowne my veines are, & so well they may,
With brimming healths of wine drunk yesterday.



Barnabæ
ITINERARIUM.

Itineris Borealis :

Pars tertia.

MIRTIL.



O (FAUSTULE) gratulantur
Qui te amant & amantur,
Te incolumem rediturum !
Spreta Curia, pone curam,
Narra vias, quas calcasti,
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.

Ne Ephesios Diana
Fit celebriore fama ;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam Pictores pingunt ;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.





Barnabees
JOURNAL.

His Northerne Journey :

Third part.

MIRTIL.



Hup (FAUSTULUS) all draw ny thee
That doe love thee, or lov'd by thee,
Joying in thy safe returning !
Leave Court, care, & fruitlesse mourning ;
Way th'ast walked, pray thee shew it,
Where th'ast lived, what th'ast viewed.

Not th' *Ephesian Diana*
Is of more renoumed fam-a ;
Acting wonders all invent thee,
Painters in their Statues paint thee ;
Banish feare, remove delay-man,
Shew thy selfe a fatnous Way-man.

F





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

FAUSTUL.



Itte moram, tolle metum !
*Quis me unquam minùs lætum
Cum adversis agitatum,
Aut secundis tam inflatum
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me superbiorem ?*

*Aspernarer ego mundum,
Nisi mundus me jucundum
Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis siti
Celebraret ; adi, audi,
Et Progressu meo gaude.*

*Primo die satur vino,
Veni Islington à Londino,
Iter arduum & grave,
Serò tamen superavi,
Acta vespertina Scena,
Siccior eram quàm arena.*

*Veni Kingsland, terram regis,
Speciosam cætu gregis,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius spatiantem,
Nec verberibus nec verbis
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

FAUSTUL.



Eave delay, and be not fearfull !
Why ; who e're saw me lesse cheerfull
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortunes smiles so puffed,
As I shewd my selfe farre prouder
Than when she more scornfull shewd her ?

For the world, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow
That would drinke till he grew mellow ;
Draw neare and heare, thou shalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my travall.

First day having drunk with many,
To *Islington* from *London* came I,
Journey long and grievous wether,
Yet the Ev'ning brought me thether,
Having t'ane my pots by th' fier,
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland*, where were feeding
Cattell, Sheepe, and Mares for breeding ;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Rosinant* was wear'ed :
When he would jog on no faster
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Totnam altam crucem,
Quò discersi ante lucem ;
Hospes sociis parùm caret,
Nemo Faustulum spectaret ;
Pratum stratum, & Cubile
O piaculum ! fit fœmile.*

*Ut reliqui Crucem altam,
Lento cursu petii Waltham,
In hospitium Oswaldi,
Qui mî regiam * THEOBALDI,
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.*

*Veni Hodsdon, stabant foris
Chartis pictis Impostores,
Queis deceptis, notis causis,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.*

De augustissimâ Domo Theobaldi.

* *O Domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ !
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori ?
Regia quo Sponsi pietas dedit oscula Sponsæ :
Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ !*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Totnam-high-crosse* turning,
I departed 'fore next morning ;
Hostesse on her Guests so doted
Faustulus was little noted ;
To an Hay-loft I was led in,
Boords my bed, and straw my bedding.

Having thus left *High-Crosse* early,
I to *Waltham* travelled fairly,
To the Hospitall of *Oswald*,
And that Princely Seat of * *Th'bald* ;
There all night I drunk old Sack-a
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to *Hodsdon*, where stood watching
Cheats who liv'd by conicatching,
False Cards brought me, with them plaid I,
Deare for their acquaintance paid I ;
'Fore a *Justice* they appeared ;
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Of the Kings House at Tibbals.

- * This seat, this royall object of the sight,
Shall it for ever bid the World, good night ?
Where our preceding Kings enjoy'd such blisse,
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kisse !





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Ware, ubi belli
Saltus, situs, & Amwelli
Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
Qui ditarunt Middletonum :
Sunt spectati more miti,
"O si essent Aqua vitæ !*

*Veni Wademill, ubi ritè
Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me spectantes otiosè,
Cö-ementem hæc flagella,
"Ubi Equus, ubi Sella ?*

*Veni Puckridge, ed ventum
Mendicantes ferè centum
Me præcingunt ; dixi verum,
"Quod pauperior illis eram ;
Quo responso, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.*

*Veni Buntingford, ad senilem
Hospitem, & juvenilem
Conjugem, quæ scit affari
Placidè, lepidè, osculari ;
Area florida, frutice suavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Ware*, where mазie *Amwell*
Mildly cuts the Southerne Chanell ;
Rivers streaming, banks resounding,
Middleton with wealth abounding :
Mightily did these delight me ;
“ O I wish'd them *Aqua vita* !

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me
For a pot, for I was thirstie ;
On me cryde they and did hout me,
And like Beetles flockt about me :
“ Buy a Whip S' ! no, a Laddle ;
“ Where's your Horse S' ? where your Saddle ?

Thence at *Puckridge* I reposed,
Hundred Beggars me inclosed ;
“ Beggars, quoth I, you are many,
“ But the poorest of you am I ;
They no more did me importune
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,
Bedrid Host, but Hostesse lusty,
That can chat and chirpe it neatly,
And in secret kisse you sweetly ;
Here are arbours decked gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.


Pass tertia.

*Veni Roiston, ibi seges,
Prata, sala, nioce greges,
Ubi pedes piæ Regis ;
Hinc evolvens * Fati leges,
Mihî dixi : Quid te pejus,
Ista legens, malè deges ?*

*Veni Caxton, paupere lecto,
Sed pauperiore lecto ;
Quidam habent me suspectum,
Esse maculis infectum
Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans Hospitem in testem.*

*Veni Cambridge, prope Vitem,
Ubi Muscæ satiant siliim ;
Sicut Muscæ circa finum,
Aut scintillæ in Caminum,
Me clausurunt iuxta murum,
Denegantes redituum.*

* *Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,
Ovis regis erant, rege sed ista ruunt.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Roiston*, there grasse groweth,
Medes, flocks, fields the plowman soweth,
Where a pious Prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented :
“ Since all flesh to * Fate’s a debter,
“ Retchlesse wretch, why liv’st no better ?

Thence to *Caxton*; I was led in
To a poor house, poorer bedding,
Some there were had me suspected
That with plague I was infected,
So as I starke-naked drew me,
Calling th’Hostesse streight to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*
Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as their use is ;
Like sparks up a Chimney warming,
Or Flyes neare a Dung-hill swarming,
In a Ring they did inclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.

* Fields, floods, wasts, woods, Deare, Dogs, with well-tun’d
crye,
Are sports for Kings, yet Kings with these must dye.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Mediâ nocte siccior essem
Ac si nunquam ebibissem,
Sed pudore parùm motus,
Hinc discessi semi-potus :
Luci, loci paludosi,
Sed Scholares speciosi.*

*Veni * Godmanchester, ubi
Ut Ixion captus nube,
Sic elusus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondit, sponsum sed fefellit.*

*Veni Huntington, ubi cella
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacitè labens ;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Finxi memet petrægrotum.*

* *Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminùs oppida spectat ;
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit.*





Barnabees Fournall.

Third part.

'Bout mid-night for drinke I call S',
As I had drunk nought at all S',
But all this did little shame me,
Topsy went I, tipsy came I :
Grounds, greenes, groves are wet and homely,
But the *Schollers* wondrous comely.

Thence to * *Godmanchester*, by one,
With a Clowd as was *Ixion*,
Was I gull'd ; she had no fellow,
Her soft lips were moist & mellow,
All night vow'd she to lye by me,
But the giglet came not ny me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a cellar
With a wench was there a dweller
I did bargaine, but suspected
By the Hoast who her affected,
Down the staires he hurr'd quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.

* An aged Oake takes of this Towne survey ;
Finde Birds their Nests, tels Passengers their way.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Harrington, bonum omen !
Verè amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni dedi nummum,
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.*

*Veni Stonegatehole nefandum
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam Servus Atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus merè
Ut coiret muliere.*

*Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improvisum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mæchum vicit,
Et post Herum nudum misit :
Manibus vinctis Sellæ locat,
Hinnit Equus, Servus vocat.*

*Cogitemus Atturnatum
Suspicantem hunc armatum,
Properantem deprædari,
Uti strenuè calcari :
Currit Herus, metu teste,
Currit Servus sine veste.*





Barnabees Journall.


Third part.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it spoken !
For Name-sake I gave a *token*
To a Beggar that did crave it
And as cheerfully receive it :
More he need't not me importune
For 'twas th'utmost of my fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here
Of a story that befell there,
One who served an Attorney
T'ane with beauty in his journey,
Seeing a Coppice hastens thither
Purposely to wanton with her.

As these privately conferred,
A Rover tooke him unprepared,
Search't his Port-mantua, bound him faster,
And sent him naked to his Master :
Set on's Saddle with hands tyed,
Th'Horse he neyed, Man he cryed.

Th' Attorney when he had discerned
One, he thought, behind him armed
In *white Armour*, stoutly sturr'd him,
For his Jade hee keenly spurr'd him :
Both run one course to catch a Gudgeon,
This Nak't that frighted to their lodging.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Psallens * Sautry, tumultum veni,
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
Ubi Rainsford jus fecisset,
Et Pastorem condidisset :
Vidi, ridi, & avari
Rogo rogos sic tractari.*

*Veni ad Collegium purum,
Cujus habent multi curam ;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, Fratres & Sorores :
Unum tenent, unâ tendunt,
Omnes omnia Sacris vendunt.*

*An sint isti corde puro,
Parum scio, minus curo ;
Si sint, non sunt Hypocritæ
Orbe melioris vitæ :
Cellam, Scholam & Sacellum
Pulchra vidi supra Stellam.*

* *Vrba Sacellani viventis imago sepulti,
Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.*

*Egregium illud Sautry Sacrarium Sacerdotis avari
retinuit memoriam.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Singing along down * *Sautry* laning,
I saw a Tombe one had beene laine in,
And inquiring, One did tell it,
'Twas where *Rainsford* buried th' *Prelat* :
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy Priests might so be fitted.

To th' *Newfounded College* came I,
Commended to the care of many ;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe're's behoving :
These hold and walke together wholly,
And state their Lands on uses holy.

Whether *pure* these are or are not,
As I know not, so I care not ;
But if they be dissembling Brothers,
Their life surpasseth many others :
See but their Cell, Schoole and their Temple,
You'l say the Stars were their exemple.

* Here of the whip a *Covetous Priest* did lick ;
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that Chappell of *Sautry*
reteining still with her that Covetous
Priests memory.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Stilton, lento more,
Sine fronde, sine flore,
Sine prunis, sine pomis,
Uti senex sine comis,
Calva tellus, sed benignum
Monstrat viatori Signum.*

*Veni Wansforth-brigs, immanem
Vidi annem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam;
Portas, Hortos speciosos,
Portus, Saltus spatiosos.*

*Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans MISERERE MEI,
Atriis, angulis, confestum
Evitandi cura pestem,
Fugi, mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.*

*Inde prato per-amæno
Dormiens temulentè fæno,
Rivus surgit & me capit,
Et in flumen altè rapit;
Quorsum? clamant; Nuper erro
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.*





Barnabees Fournall.

Third part.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,
With no bloome nor blossome graced,
With no plums nor apples stored,
But bald like an old mans forehead ;
Yet with Innes so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have tride it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a river,
And a wife will live for ever ;
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemely, free from folly ;
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports and Parks and pastures spacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,
On the Portels, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted ;
Though from death none may be spared,
I to dye was scarce prepared.

On a Hay-cock sleeping soundly,
Th'River rose and tooke me roundly
Downe the current ; people cryed,
Sleeping, down the streame I hyed ;
Where away, quoth they, from Greenland ?
No ; from Wansforth-brigs in England.

G





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni * Burleigh, licet Bruma,
Sunt fornaces sine fumo,
Promptuaria sine promo,
Clara porta, clausa domo ;
† O Camini sine foco,
Et culinæ sine Coquo !*

*Clamans, domum ð inanem !
Resonabat † Ecco, famem ;
Quinam habitant intra muros ?
Respirabat Ecco, mures ;
Ditis omen, nomen habe ;
Ecco respondebat, Abi.*

*Veni § Stamford, ubi bene
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, sed in summo
Sunt crumenæ sine nummo :
Plures non in me reptantes,
Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.*

* *Ista domus fit Dasypodis dumus.*

Statius.

† — *Flederaque trophæa camini.*

‡ — *Custos Domus Ecco relicta.*

§ *Quo Schola ? quo præses ? cômities ? Academica sedes ?
In loculos literas transposuere suas.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Burleigh*, though 'twas winter,
No fire did the Chimney enter,
Buttries without Butlers guarded,
Stately gates were dooble-warded ;
Hoary † Chimneyes without smooke too,
Hungry Kitchens without Cooke too.

Hallowing loud, ô empty wonder !
‡ *Ecco* streight resounded, *hunger*.
Who inhabits this vast brick-house ?
Ecco made reply, the *Titmouse* ;
Ominous Cell, no drudge at home Sir !
Ecco answer made, *Be gone Sir*.

Thence to ancient § *Stamford* came I,
Where are pencelesse purses many,
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Lesse gold in them than is on them :
Clawbacks more doe not assaile me,
Than are Beggars swarming dayly.

* This house the Levarets bush.

† Ivy the Chimneis trophy.

‡ *Ecco's* the keeper of a forlorne house.

§ Where be thy *Masters ? Fellows ? Scholars ? Bursers ?*
O *Stamford* to thy shame, they'r all turn'd *Fursers*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in * Foramen Saræ ;
Proca semel succi plena,
Lauta, læta & serena,
At venusta fit vetusta,
Mundo gravis & onusta.*

*Saræ antrum ut intrassem,
Et ampullas † gurgitassem, † exiccassem.
In amore Sara certo,
Ore basia dat aperto ;
Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
Cyathum propinare urget.*

*Veni Witham, audiens illam
Propter lubricam anguillam
Verè claram, nixus ramo
Cæpi expiscari hamo ;
Et ingentem capiens unam,
Præceps trahor in † lacunam.*

* Sileni Antrum, eo enim nomine egregiè notum.

† Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina lethi ;
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa-memento mori.





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Though my cares were maine and many,
To the * *Hole of Sara* came I,
Once a *bona-roba*, trust me,
Though now buttock-shrunke and rustie ;
But though nervy-oyle and fat-a,
Her I caught by you know what-a.

Having boldly thus adventured,
And my *Sara's socket* enter'd,
Her I sued, suted, sorted,
Bussed, bouzed, sneesed, snorted :
Often sat she, when she got up
All her phraze was, " Drink thy pot up.

Thence to *Witham*, having red there
That the fattest Eele was bred there,
Purposing some to intangle,
Forth I went and tooke mine angle,
Where an huge one having hooked,
By her headlong was I dooked.†

* The *Drunkards cave*, for so it may be call'd,
Where many *Mall-worms* have been soundly mall'd.

† *Mæanders* shores to *Lethe's* shadows tend ;
Where waves sound cares, and banks imply our end.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni * Grantham mihi gratam,
Inclytè Pyramidatam,
Ibi Pastor cum uxore
Coeundi utens more,
De cubiculo descendit,
Quia Papa ibi pendet.*

*Oppidani timent clari
PAULO Spiram asportari,
Scissitantes (valde mirum)
Ubi præparent papyrum,
Quâ † maturius implicetur,
Ne portando ‡ laderetur.*

† Structura.
‡ Penetretur.

*Veni § New-worke, ubi vivos
Sperans mersos esse rivis,
Irrui cellam subamænam,
Generosis vinis plenam,
Donec Lictor intrans cellam,
Me conduxit ad flagellum.*

* Hinc canimus mirum ! non protulit Insula Spiram,
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe Cœtem.

§ Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
Arcis & effusis vestit amœna comis.

*Hic Campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
Fœcundare solent, ubera veris habent.*

*Hic porrectiore tractus distenditur Bevaria vallis.
Valles trina & opima
Dapes insula divina.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Grantham* I retiring,
Famous for a *Spire* aspiring,
There a Pastor with his sweeting
In a chamber closely meeting ;
In great fury out he flung there
'Cause a *Popish* picture hung there.

Here the Townsmen are amated
That there *Spire* should be translated
Unto *PAULS* ; and great's their labour
How to purchase so much paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting,
To secure their *Spire* from splitting.

Thence to † *New-worke*, flood-surrounded,
Where I hoping most were drowned,
Hand to hand I straightwayes shored
To a Cellar richly stored,
Till suspected for a picklock,
Th' *Beadle* led me to the whíp-stock.

-
- * I may compare this Towne, and be no lyer,
With any shire for *Whetstones* and a *Spire*.
† A sandy plat a shady *Elme* receaves,
Which cloths those *Turrets* with her shaken leaves.

Here all along lyes *Bevers* spacious *Vale*,
Neare which the streames of fruitfull *Trent* doe fall.
Vallies three so fruitfull be,
They'r the wealth of *Britannie*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Tuxworth silam luto,
Ubi viatores 'puto)
Viam viscum esse credunt,
Sedes Syrtes ubi sedent;
Thyrus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum vinum raro vendit.*

*Veni Retford, pisces edi,
Et adagio locum dedi,
Cœpi statim propinare,
Ut pisciculi natere
Discant, meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.*

*Veni Scrubie, Deus bone!
Cum Pastore & Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me fecisset doctum:
Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esset peræ.*

*Veni Bautree, angiportam,
In dumetis vidi Scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam & lascivam;
Sed inflixì carni pœnam,
Timens miserè crumenam.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Tuxworth* in the clay there,
Where poor Travellers find such way there ;
Wayes like bird-lime seeme to show them,
Seats are Syrts to such as know them ;
Th'Ivy hangs there, long has't hong there,
Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, fish I fed on,
And to th' adage I had red on,
With carouses I did trimme me,
That my fish might swim within me,
As they had done being living,
And ith' River nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, ô my Maker !
With a *Pastor* and a *Taker*
Day I spent, I night divided,
Thiefe did make me well provided :
My poor Scrip did cause me feare him,
All night long I came not neare him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there
From the bushes neare the Lane there
Rush'd a Tweake in gesture flanting,
With a leering eye and wanton ;
But my flesh I did subdue it,
Fearing lest my purse should rue it.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni * Doncaster, sæt Levitam
Audiens finisse vitam,
Sprevi Venerem, Sprevi Vltum,
Perdidi quæ dilexi primum :
Nam cum Venus insenescit,
In me carnis vim compescit.*

*Nescit sitis artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
Vincto † catino catena,
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum Custodi.*

*Veni ‡ Wentbrig, ubi plagæ
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,
Vultu torto & anili,
Et conditione vili :
His infernæ manent sedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.*

* Major Causidico quo gratior esset amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo :
Causidicus renuit, renuente, Patibula dixit,
Commonstrabo tibi ; CAUS. tuque moreris tibi.

† Vvientes vena, Spina, catinusque catena,
Sunt Robin Hoodi nota trophæa sui.

‡ Rupe cavedia struxit inedia,
Quæis oscitanter latuit accedia.





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Doncaster*, where reported
Lively *Levit* was departed,
Love I loath'd and spritely wine too,
Which I dearely lov'd sometime too :
For when youthfull *Venus* ageth,
She my fleshly force asswageth.

Thirst knowes neither meane nor measure,
Robin Hoods Well was my treasure,
In a common † dish enchained,
I my furious thirst restrained :
And because I drunk the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to ‡ *Wentbrig*, where vile wretches,
Hideous hags and odious witches,
Writhen count'nance and mis-shapen
Are by some foule *Bugbeare* taken :
These infernall seats inherit,
Who contract with such a Spirit.

* That curt'sie might a curtesie enforce,
The *Mayre* would bring the *Lawyer* to his horse :
You shall not, quoth the *Lawyer* ; M. now I sweare,
I'll to the gallows goe. L. I'll leave you there,
Might not this *Mayre* for wit a second *Pale-As*
Have nam'd the *Town-end* full as well as *Gallows* ?

† A *Well*, thorne, dish hung in an iron chaine,
For monuments of *Robin Hood* remaine.

‡ In a rock *Want* built her booth,
Where no creature dwels but *Sloth*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Ferribrig, vietus,
Pede lassus, mente lætus,
Ut gustassem uvam vini,
Fructum salubrem acini:
Sæuior factus sum quàm Aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.*

*Veni * Pomfrait, ubi miram
Arcem, † Anglis regibus diram;
‡ Laseris ortu celebrandam
Variis gestis memorandam:
Nec in Pomfrait REPENS certior,
Quàm pauperculus inertior.*

*Veni Sherburne, adamandum,
Et aciculis spectandum;
Pastor decimas cerasorum
Quærit plus quam animorum:
Certè nescio utrum mores,
An fortunæ meliores.*

* *Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera Regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutere meis.*

† *Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S :: :: tuum.*

‡ *Latids in rupem Laser est sita dulcis arentem,
Veste nova Veris floribus aucta novis.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered ;
I the grape no sooner tasted
Than my melancholy wasted ;
Never was wild Boare more fellish,
Though the wine did smally relish.

Thence to * *Pomfrait*, as long since is,
Fatall to our † *English* Princes ;
For the choicest ‡ *Licorice* crowned,
And for sundry acts renowned :
A *Louse* in *Pomfrait* is not surer,
Then the Poor through sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburne*, dearely loved,
And for Pinnars well approved ;
Cherry tenths the Pastor aymeth
More than th' soules which he reclaimeth :
In an Equi-page consorting
Are their manners and their fortune.

* The Tragick stage of *English* kings stood here,
Which to their urns payes tribute with a teare.

† Here stood that fatall Theatre of Kings,
Which for revenge mounts up with aery wings.

‡ Here *Licorice* grows upon their mellowed banks,
Decking the Spring with her delicious plants.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Bramham, ed ventus,
Vidi Pedites currentes;
Quidam auribus susurrat,
" Crede Faustule, hic præcurret,
" Nam probantur : Qui narratur
Pejor, melior auspicatur.*

*Veni Tadcaster, ubi pontem
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, & astantes
Omni loco mendicantes
Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.*

*Veni Eboracum, flore
Juventutis cum Textore
Fruens, conjux statim venit,
" Lupum verò auribus tenet;
Ille clamat aperire,
Illa negat exaudire.*

*Sic ingressus mihi datur,
Cum Textori denegatur;
Qui dum voce importune
Strepsit, matulam urinæ
Sentit; sapienter tacet,
Dum Betricia mecum jacet.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither comming,
I saw two Footmen stript for running ;
One told me, "th' match was made to cheat thē,
" Trust me *Faustulus*, *This* will beat'em,
" For we've tride them : but that Courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared
A faire Bridge, where no flood appeared,
Broken Pavements, Beggars waiting,
Nothing more than labour hating,
But with speed I hastned from them,
Lest I should be held one of them.

Thence to *Yorke*, fresh youth enjoying
With a wanton *Weaver* toying,
Husband suddenly appeares too
" Catching of the Wolfe by th'Eares too ;
He cryes open, something feares him,
But th'deafe Adder never heares him.

Thus my entrance was descried,
While the *Weaver* was denied,
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a chamber-pot was crowned ;
Wisely silent he ne're grudged
While his *Betty* with me lodged.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Ibi Tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus & suspensus,
Plastro cöaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia, clamant pueri ?
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie ;
At nescitis, inquit ille.*

*Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
Ut in fossam Furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus resurrexit :
Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.*

*Veni Towlerton, Stadiodromi
Retinentes spem coronæ,
Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;
Sequens autem solitam venam,
Sprevi primum & postremum.*

*Veni Helperby desolatum,
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna sit intacta,
Non in cineris redacta ;
Quo discessi ocyor Euro,
Restinguendi sitim cura.*





Barnabees Fournall.

Third part.

A Piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd and titted,
As he was to *Knavesmyre* going,
This day, quoth Boyes, *will spoile thy blowing ;*
From thy Pipe th'art now departing ;
Wags, quoth th'Piper, *you'r not certaine.*

All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived
Being buried, he revived :
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those Stagers
Or Horse-coursers run for wagers ;
Neare to the high way the course is,
Where they ride and run their horses ;
But still on our journey went we,
First, or *Last*, did like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned
Desolate and lately burned,
Not a Taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to ashes turned,
Whence I swiftly did remove me
For thirst-sake, as did behove me.

H





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni *Topcliffe, musicam vocans,
Et decore ordine locans,
Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Taciè subtraxi pedem ;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad solvendum.*

*Veni †Thyrske, Thyrsis hortum,
Ubi Phyllis floribus sportam
Instruit, at nihil horum
Nec pastorem, neque florem
Ego curo, Bacchum specto
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.*

*Veni Alerton, ubi oves,
Tauri, vacca, vituli, boves,
Aliaque Campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora :
Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihî autem cella forum.*

* *Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice cliui,
Quæ titulum villæ primò dedere tuæ.*
Alias.

*Infra situm Rivi saliant sub acumine cliui,
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivî.*

† *Thyrsis oves pascens peraprica pascua vallis,
Prima dedit Thyrsco nomina nota suo.
Sycomori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Discumbens, Phyllidi Serta paravit,
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Topcliffe*, musick call'd I,
In no comely posture fail'd I,
But when these expected wages,
To themselves I left my Pages;
Small being th'curt'sy I could shew them
Th'reckning I commended to them.

Thence to † *Thyrsk*, rich *Thyrsis* casket,
Where faire *Phyllis* fills her basket
With choice flowers, but these be vaine things,
I esteeme no flowers nor Swainlings;
In *Bacchus* yard, field, booth or cottage
I love nought like his cold pottage.

Thence to *Allerton*, rankt in battell,
Sheepe, Kine, Oxen, other Cattell,
As I fortun'd to passe by there
Were the Towns best beautifier:
Fairst for Beasts at that time fell there,
But I made my Fayre the Celler.

* *Topcliffe* from tops of cliffs first tooke her name,
And her cliffe-mounted seat confirms the same:
Where streames with curled windings overflowne
Bestow a native beauty on the towne.

Here *Thyrsis* fed his Lambkins on the Plaine,
So *Thyrsk* from *Thyrsis* tooke her ancient Name.

Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them Bowers
Of tender Osyers, sweet-breath'd Sycomours.



9. *Lettera Latina* ~~permanente~~ ~~permanente~~,
Minimale con no, ~~manifestazione~~ ~~come~~.



Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Smeton*, I assailed
Lowsy Hill, for so they call it,
Where were dainty Ducks, and gant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons,
Which they practice, truth I'le tell ye,
For reliefe of back and bellie.

Thence to * *Nesham*, now translated,
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated ;
Vallies smiling, Bottoms pleasing,
Streaming Rivers never ceasing,
Deckt with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely Lady.

Thence to *Darlington*, there I boused
Till at last I was espoused ;
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared ;
All night long by th' pot I tarried
As if I had ne're beene married.

* Where shores yeeld Lenticks, brāches pearled gems,
Their Lamprels shells, their rocks soft mossy stems.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Parſ tertiã.

*Veni * Richmünd, ſed amicos
Generoſos & antiquos,
Nobiles ſocios, ſortis miſerã,
Cùm nequiſſem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nocte mecum bibi.*

*Pœni ſequi ſolet culpam,
Veni Redmeere ad Subulcum,
Ilia menſæ fert porcina,
Prisca nimis inteſtina,
Quæ ni calices abluiffent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæſiffent.*

*Veni Carperbiæ perararum,
Cætu frequens, victu tarium;
Septem Solidorum cœna
Redit levior trumena:
Nummo citiùs haurieris,
Quàm liquore ebrieris.*

* *Nomen habes mundi, nec eris ſine jure, ſecundi,
Namque ſitus titulum comprobat ipſe tuum.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part,

Thence to * *Richmund*, heavy sentence !
There were none of my acquaintance,
All my noble Cumrads gone were,
Of them all I found not one there,
But lest care should make me sicker,
I did bury care in liquor.

Penance chac'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeere* to a *Swine-heard*
Came I, where they nothing plast me
But a Swines-gut that was nastie,
Had I not then wash'd my liver.
In my guts't had stuck for ever.

Thence to *Carperbie* very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy ;
After Supper they so tost me
As seven shillings there it cost me ;
Soone may one of coyne be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choaked.

* From a *Rich mound* thy appellation came,
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Wenchly, valle situm,
Prisca vetustate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Pastor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effascinati more,
Dormiunt Agni cum Pastore.*

*Veni Middlam, ubi arcem
Vidi, & bibentes sparsim
Bonos socios, quibus junxi.
Et liquorem libere sumpsi;
Æneis licet tincti nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis.*

*Veni * Ayscarth, vertice montis,
Valles, & amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, & paludes
Vidi, locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.*

* Gurgile præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Wenchly*, Valley-seated,
For antiquity repeated ;
Sheep and Sheepheard as one brother
Kindly drink to one another ;
Till pot-hardy light as feather
Sheep and Shepheard sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
Th' Castle which so stately shewed ;
Down the staires, 'tis truth I tell ye,
To a knot of brave Boyes fell I ;
All *red-noses*, no dye deeper,
Yet not one but a peace-keeper.

Thence to * *Ayscarth*, from a mountaine
Fruitfull vallies, pleasant fountaine,
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,
Fields, fenns, sedgy rushes saw I ;
Which high Mount is call'd the *Temple*,
For all prospects an exemple.

* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,
Closed above with thorns, below with water.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni Wortan, sericis cincta
Sponsa Ducis, are tinata,
Me ad cenam blanda movet,
Licet me non unquam novit;
Veni, vidi, vici, lusi,
"Carnu-cipiam optans Ducis.*

*Veni Beindrig, ubi palam
Flumen dederit canalem,
Spadans, uti properarem
Ad Johannem Ancillarem,
Hospitem habui (verè mirum),
Nequa faminam, neque vinum.*

*Veni * Askrig, natum forum,
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet Magistramum,
Oppidanum ferre statum:
Elic pauperissimi textores.
Peragrestes tenent mores.*

* *Clanditus omnivulus solius fornicibus arcis,
Alluit & villa mania iuncta sua.*





Barnabees Journall.


Third part.

Thence to *Worton*, being lighted!
I was solemnly invited!
By a Captains wife most ~~wowlie~~;
Though, I thinke, she ~~never~~ knew me;
I came, call'd, coll'd, toy'd, triu'd, kissed,
"Captaine Cornu-cap'd I wished!

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the River
From his channell seemes to sever,
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith hasted,
And his best provision tasted;
Th'hoast I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence to * *Askrig*, market noted,
But no handsomnesse about it,
Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their Trading, breeding sitting.

* A Channell strait confines a chrystall spring,
Washing the waies oth' village neighbouring.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni * Hardraw, ubi fames,
Cautes frugis perinanes ;
Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
Ni sub thalamo Carbonis :
Diversoria sunt obsœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.*

*Veni Gastile, ubi cellam,
Cellam sitam ad Sacellum
Intrans, bibi Stingo fortem,
Habens Lanium in consortem,
Et † Pastorem parvæ gregis,
Rudem moris, artis, legis.*

*Veni ‡ Sedbergh, sedem quondam
Lautam, lætam, & jocundam,
Sed mulatur mundus totus,
"Vix in anno unus potus :
Ibi propriæ prope lari
Non audebam vulpinari.*

* *Labi'ur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremulâ mulcet voce, sopore fovet.*

† *Quota est hora, refert ? Solem specularando respondet.
Ecce Sacerdotes quos tua terra parit !*

‡ *Prospices thyrsus sinuosius arte rotundum,
Organa quod cerebri mersa fuere mei.*





Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Hardraw*, where's hard hunger,
Barraine cliffs and clints of wonder ;
Never here *Adonis* lived,
Unlesse in *Coles* Harbour hived :
Ins are nasty, dusty, fustie,
Both with smoake and rubbish mustie.

Thence to *Gastile*, I was drawne in
To an *Alehouse* neare adjoining
To a Chappell, I drunk *Stingo*
With a Butcher and Domingo
Th' † Curat, who to my discerning
Was not guilty of much learning.

Thence to ‡ *Sedbergh*, sometimes joy-all,
Gamesome, gladsome, richly royall,
But those jolly boyes are sunken,
“ Now scarce once a yeare one drunken :
There I durst not well be merry,
Farre from home old Foxes werry.

* A shallow Rill, whose streames their current keep,
With murm'ring voyce & pace procure sweet sleep.

† I askt him what's a Clock ? He look'd at th' Sun :
But want of Latin made him answer——Mum.

‡ Here grows a *bush* in artfull mazes round,
Where th' active organs of my braine were drownd.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

*Veni * Killington, editum collem,
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parum hærens,
Semper aliora sperans,
Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repentens natale.*

*Veni Kendall, ubi status
Præstans, prudens † Magistratus,
Publicis festis purpuratus,
Ab Elizabetha datus;
Hæc me juvat habitare,
Propinare & amare.*

* *Arboribus gelidam texens Coriatus umbram,
Æstatem atque Hyemem fronde repello gravem.*

† *Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
Major fiet Aldermannus.*

Thence

FINIS.





Barnabees Fournall.

Third part.

Thence to **Killington* I passed,
Where an hill is freely grassed,
There I staid not though halfe-tyred,
Higher still my thoughts aspired :
Taking leave of mountains many,
To my native Country came-I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her state is,
Prudent too her Magistrate is,
In whose charter to them granted
Nothing but a † Mayor wanted ;
Here it likes me to bee dwelling,
Bousing, loving, stories telling.

* Here the rettyred *Tanner* builds him bowrs,
Shrowds him from Summers heat and winters shows.

† Now *Saturns* yeare h'as drench'd down care,
And made an *Alderman* a *Mayre*.

Bar-

FINIS.



Barnabæ
ITINERARIUM.

Pars Quarta.

Authore *Corymbæo*.



Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula laudes.

Barnabees
JOURNAL.
The fourth part.

By *Corymbæus.*



If thou doest love thy flock, leave off to pot.



Barnabæ
ITINERARIUM.

Itineris Borealis :

Pars Quarta.

MIRTIL.



FAUSTULE, dic quo jure
Spreta urbe, vivis rure ?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos, gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes siti ?

Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyei vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis ?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum discere vale ?





Barnabees
JOURNALL.

His Northerne Journey :

The Fourth part.

MIRTIL.



FAUSTULUS, takes't no pittie
For the Field to leave the City?
Nor thy Consorts, lively Skinkers,
Witty wags, and lusty Drinkers,
Lads of life, who wash their liver
And are dry and thirsty ever?

Wilt thou here no longer tarrie
With these boyes that love Canarie?
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,
Dainty Doxes, merry wenches?
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,
Thus to take farewell oth' City?





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

FAUSTUL.



Uid me movet? *Nonne cernis*
Me tam diu in Tabernis
Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, Ecce Faustulus ille,
Qui per orbem ducens iter,
Titulo *Ebrii* insignitur!

Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roseæ ab Auroræ
Usque vespram, & pudorem
Vultus, quæstus & odorem
Sprevit! *audi culpæ pœnam,*
Scenam Faustuli extremam.

Vale Banbery, vale Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, vale Hockley,
Vale Daintre, vale Leister,
Vale Chichester, vale Chester,
Vale Nottingham, vale Mansfield,
Vale Wetherbe, vale Tanfield.

Vale Aberford, vale Bradford,
Vale Tosseter, vale Stratford,
Vale Preston, vale Euxston,
Vale Wiggin, vale Newton.
Vale Warrington, vale Budworth,
Vale Kighley, vale Cudworth.





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

FAUSTUL.



What is't makes me? doest not note it
How I have ith'Taverne floted,
Till a thousand seeke to shame me,
There goes Faustulus, so they name me,
Who through all the World traced,
And with Stile of Maltworme graced!

Who carouseth to his breeding
From Aurora's beamelins spreding
To the Ev'ning, and despiseth
Favour, thrift which each man prizeth!
Now heare *Faustulus* melancholly,
Th' clozing Scene of all his folly.

Farewell *Banbery*, farewell *Brackley*,
Farewell *Hollow-well*, farewell *Hockley*,
Farewell *Daintre*, farewell *Leister*,
Farewell *Chichester*, farewell *Chester*,
Farewell *Nottingham*, farewell *Mansfield*,
Farewell *Wetherbe*, farewell *Tanfield*.

Farewell *Aberford*, farewell *Bradford*,
Farewell *Tosseter*, farewell *Stratford*,
Farewell *Preston*, farewell *Euxston*,
Farewell *Wiggin*, farewell *Newton*,
Farewell *Warrington*, farewell *Budworth*,
Farewell *Kighley*, farewell *Cudworth*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Vale Hogsdon, *vale* Totnam,
Vale Giggleswick, *vale* Gottam,
Vale Harrington, *vale* Stilton,
Vale Huntington, *vale* Milton,
Vale Roiston, *vale* Puckridge,
Vale Caxton, *vale* Cambridge.

Vale Ware, *vale* Wademill,
Vale Highgate, *vale* Gadshill,
Vale Stamford, *vale* Sautree,
Vale Scrubie, *vale* Bautree,
Vale Castrum subter Linum,
Ubi Vates, *Venus*, *Vinum*.

Vale Tauk-hill, *quem* conspexi,
Lemnia Lydia, *quam* dilexi,
Ardue viæ quas transivi,
Et amiculæ queis cōvi,
Faber, *Taber*, *sociæ lætæ*,
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi,
Vale Fons Roberti Hoodi,
Vale Rosington, *vale* Retford,
Et antiqua sedes Bedford,
Vale Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Farewell *Hogsdon*, farewell *Totnam*,
Farewell *Giggleswick*, farewell *Gottam*,
Farewell *Harrington*, farewell *Stilton*,
Farewell *Huntington*, farewell *Milton*,
Farewell *Roiston*, farewell *Puckridge*,
Farewell *Caxston*, farewell *Cambridge*.

Farewell *Ware*, farewell *Wademill*,
Farewell *Highgate*, farewell *Gadshill*,
Farewell *Stamford*, farewell *Sautree*,
Farewell *Scrubie*, farewell *Bautree*,
Farewell *Castle under Line* too,
Where are *Poets*, *Wenches*, *Wine* too.

Farewell *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I sewed,
Steepy wayes by which I waded,
And those *Trugs* with which I traded,
Faber, *Taber*, pensive never,
Farewell merry *Mates* for ever.

Now I hate all forraine places,
Robin Hoods Well and his chaces,
Farewell *Rosington*, farewell *Retford*,
And thou ancient seat of *Bedford*,
Farewell *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Vale Waltham, & Oswaldi
Sedes, sidus Theobaldi,
Vale Godmanchester, ubi
Mens elusa fuit nube,
Vale Kingsland, Islington, * London,
Quam amavi perdidit quondam.*

*Vale Buntingford, ubi suaves
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hospes grata & benigna,
Et amoris prebens signa ;
Aliud juvat spatiari,
Pasci, pati, recreari.*

*Vale Stone, & Sacellum
Quod splendentem habet Stellam,
Vale Haywood, Bruarton, Ridglay,
Lichfield, Coventre, Colesyl, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, & amœni
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.*

* —Ista novæ mea nenia Trojæ.

*Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,
Lata quæ flori, gravis est senecta,
Vina, Pictura, Veneris faceta,
Cuncta valete.*

*Sin verò conjux, famuli, sorores,
Liberi, suaves Laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores :
Cuncta venite.*





Barnabee's Iournall.

Fourth part.

Farewell *Waltham*, Seat of *Oswald*,
That bright Princely starre of *The' bald*,
Farewell *Godmanchester*, where I
Was deluded by a Fairy,
Farewell *Kingsland, Islington, * London*,
Which I lov'd, and by it undon.

Farewell *Buntingford*, where are Thrushes,
Sweet Briers, Shred vines, privet bushes,
Hostesse cheerefull, mildly moving,
Giving tokens of her loving ;
I must in another Nation
Take my fill of recreation.

Farewell pretious *Stone*, and *Chappell*
Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th' apple,
Farewell *Haywood, Bruarton, Ridglay*,
Lichfield, Coventre, Colesyl, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, farewell cleene-a
Meedes and Mates of *George a Greene-a*.

-
- * — These be my *New Troyes* dying Elegies.
Now to that *New Troy* bid adue for ever,
Wine, Venus, Pictures, can allure me never,
These are youths darlings, ages hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.
Farewell for ever, see you will I never,
Yet if Wife, Children, Meney hurry thether,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Vale Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-work, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beckensfield, & Oxford,
Geniis & ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus Platonis.*

*Sprevi nunc Textoris acum,
Vale, vale Eboracum,
Alio nunc victurus more,
Mutans mores cum * colore;
Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.*

*Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburne,
Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperbe, Merburne,
Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchly, Smeton, Burton,
Vale Ayscarth, Carperbe, Redmeere,
Gastyle, Killington, & Sedbergh.*

* *Insessit hyems niveis capillis,
Insessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relictâ rustica vertes.*

*Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis astus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut senuere, procis.*





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Farewell *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,*
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-worke, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Bekensfield, & Oxford,
Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
With wit, wealth, worth, Well of *Plato*.

Farewell *Yorke*, I must forsake thee,
Weavers shuttle shall not take mee,
* Hoary hayres are come upon me,
Youthfull pranks will not become me ;
Th'bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne're defiled.

Farewell *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*
Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperbe, Merburne,
Farewell *Bainebrig, Askrig, Worton,*
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton,
Farewell *Ayscarth, Carperbe, Redmeere,*
Gastyle, Killington, and Sedbergh.

-
- * Winter h'as now behoar'd my haire,
Benumm'd my joynts and sinewes too,
Phyllis for verses little cares,
Leave City then, to th' Country go.
Poets, when they have writ of love their fill,
Growne old, are scorn'd, though fancy crowne their quill.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.*

Equestria Fora.

*Veni Malton, artem laudo,
Vendens Equum sine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cæcum,
Fortè si maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
Quid si statim moriatur?*

*Ad forensem Rippon tendo,
Equi si sint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi a me erunt empti;
" Ut alacrior fiat ille,
" Ilia mordicant anguilla.*

Septentrionalia Fora.

*Veni Pomfrait, uberem venam,
* Virgis laserpitiis plenam;
Veni Topcliffe cum sodali,
Non ad Vinum sed Venale;
Veni Thyrsk, ubi Boves
Sunt venales pinguiore.*

* *Virgulta Laseris florent amœnula,
In hac Angelicæ latius Insulæ.
Vide lib. 3. Stans. 48.*





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

I am now become a Drover,
Countrey-liver, Countrey-lover,
Smell of gaine my sense benummeth,
Little care I whence it commeth,
Bee't from Campe, chore, cottage, carpet,
Field, fold, cellar, forrest, market.

Horse-Faires.

To *Malton* come I, praising th'saile Sir,
Of an horse without a taile Sir,
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased ;
Should this Javell dye next morrow,
I partake not in his sorrow.

Then to *Rippon* I appeare there
To sell horse if they be deare there,
If good cheape, I use to buy them,
And ith'Country profit by them ;
" Where to quicken them, I'le tell ye,
" I put quick Eeles in their bellie.

Northern Faires.

Thence to *Pomfrait*, freshly flowred,
And with * rods of Licorice stored ;
Thence to *Topcliffe* with my fellow,
Not to bouze Wine but to sell-lo ;
Thence to *Thyrsk*, where Bullocks grazed,
Are for sale ith'market placed.

* Rods of Licorice sweetly smile
In that rich Angelick I'le.
See Book 3. Stanz. 48.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Veni Allerton lætam, lætam,
Mercatori perquàm gratam,
In utiliore actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum;
Veni Darlington, servans leges
In custodiendo greges.*

*Inde Middlam cursum flecto,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem;
" Nulla via modò vera,
" Est ad bonos mores sera.*

Tra-montana Fora.

*Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui sede:
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.*

*Veni Applebie, ubi natus,
Primam sedem Comitatus;
Illinc Penrith speciosam;
Omni merce copiosam;
Illinc Roslay, ubi tota
Grege à gente venit Scota.*





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Thence to *Allerton* cheerefull, fruitfull,
To the Seller very gratefull,
There to chuse a place I'm chariest,
Where my beasts may shew the fairest ;
Thence to *Darlington*, never swarving
From our Drove-lawes, worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining,
I refuse no kind of labour,
Where I smell some gainfull savour ;
" No way, be it ne're the homeliest
" Is rejected being honest.

Tra montane Faires.

In these Faires if I finde nothing
Worthy staying, I'm no slow thing,
To the *North* frame I my passage
Wing'd with hope of more advantage :
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows
Are by gaine more soft than pillows.

Thence to native *Applebie* mount I,
Th'antient Seat of all that County ;
Thence to pearelesse *Penrith* went I,
Which of Merchandize hath plenty ;
Thence to *Roslay*, where our Lot is
To commerce with people *Scottish*.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglasse antiquam ;
Illinc Dalton peramœnum ;
Hinc Oustonum fruge plenum ;
Donec Hauxide specto sensim ;
Illinc sedem Lancastrensem.*

*Veni Garestang, ubi nata
Sunt armenta fronte latâ ;
Hinc ad Ingleforth ut descendi,
Pulchri vituli sunt emendi ;
Illinc Burton limina peto,
Grege lautâ, fronde lætâ.*

*Veni Hornebie, sedem claram,
“ Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;
Cæca-sacra fames auri
Me consortem fecit Tauri ;
Sprevi Veneris amorem
“ Lucrum summum dat odorem.*

*Veni Lonesdale, venientem
Laticem socii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæsitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent, (narro verum)
Sed non sum qui semel eram.*





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

By a passage crooktly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglasse* I'm bending ;
Thence to *Dalton* most delightfull ;
Thence to oaten *Ouston* fruitfull ;
Thence to *Hauxides* marish pasture ;
Thence to th'Seat of old *Lancaster*.

Thence to *Garestang*, where are feeding
Heards with large fronts freely breeding ;
Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,
Where choice Bull-calves will be vended ;
Thence to *Burtons* boundiers passe I,
Faire in flocks, in pastures grassie.

Thence to *Hornebie*, Seat renowned,
" Thus with gaine are worldlings drowned ;
Secret-sacred thirst of treasure
Makes my Bullocks my best pleasure ;
Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,
" It is gaine yelds sweetest savour.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it
Boyes that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,
Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,
Railed, reeled, rowled, tumbled,
Musing I should be so stranged,
I resolv'd them, I was changed.

K





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Me ad limen trahunt Orci,
Uti lutum petunt porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur Canis,
Sed intentio fit inanis ;
Oculis clausis hos consortes
Præterire didici mortis.*

To





Barnabees Fournall.

Fourth part.

To the sinke of sin they drew me,
Where like Hogs in mire they tew me,
Or like Dogs unto their vomit,
But their purpose I o'recommmed ;
With shut eyes I flung in anger
From thoses Mates of death and danger.

Mirror





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

MIRTIL.



*Iror (FAUSTULE) miror verè,
Bacchi te clientem herè,
Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immersisse mundo ;
Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris mundo civis ?*

MIRTIL.





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

MIRTIL.



Surely (FAUSTULUS) I doe wonder
How thou who so long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice wits resoūded,
Should'st be thus ith'world drowned.
What do'st, where liv'st, in briefe deliver,
Wilt thou be a worldling ever?

FAU-





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

FAUSTUL.



*Rras (Mirtile) si me credas
Nunquam Bacchi petere sedes ;
Thyrus vinctus erit collo,
" Semel in anno ridet Apollo ;
Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.*

*Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanos propè natos,
Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas :
Hisce juvat sociari,
Et* apricis spatari.*

*Nunc ad Richmund, primo flore,
Nunc ad Nesham cum uxore,
Læto cursu properamus
Et amamur & amamus ;
Pollent floribus ambulachra,
Vera Veris simulachra.*

* *Sic per apricos spatari locos
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.*





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

FAUSTUL.



Hou err'st (*Mirtilus*) so doe mo too,
If thou think'st I never goe to
Bacchus temple, which I follow,
"Once a yeare laughs wise *Apollo* ;
Where I drench griefes, sleight Physitians,
Hayre I change, but no conditions.

Cheerefull Cumrades have I by me,
Townsmen that doe neighbour ny me,
Within, without, where e're I rest me,
Carking cares doe ne're molest me :
With these I please to consort me,
And in * open fields to sport me.

Now to *Richmund*, when Spring's comming,
Now to *Nesham* with my woman,
With free course we both approve it,
Where we live and are beloved ;
Here fields flower with freshest creatures
Representing *Flora's* features.

* Thus through the faire fields, when I have best leasure,
Diapred richly, doe I take my pleasure,
To cheere my studies with a pleasing measure.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Nunc ad Ashton invitato
Ab amico & cognato,
Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes orbis stellæ,
Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte & serena.*

*Nunc ad Cowbrow, ubi lætus,
Unâ mente confluit cœtus,
Nescit locus lachrymare,
Nescit hospes osculari,
Facit in amoris testem
Anser vel Gallina festum.*

*Nunc ad Natland, ubi Florem
Convivalem & Pastorem
Specto, spiro ora rosea,
A queis Nectar & Ambrosea ;
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.*

*Nunc ad Kirkland, & de eo
"Prope Templo, procul Deo
Dici potest, spectent Templum,
Sacerdotis & exemplum,
Audient tamen citiùs sonum
Tibiæ quàm concionem.*





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Now to *Ashton* I'm invited
By my friend and kinsman cited,
Secret cellars entertaine me,
Beauteous-beaming Stars inflame me,
Meat, mirth, musick, wines are there full,
With a count'nance blith and cherefull.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Joviall boyes doe flock together,
In which place all sorrow lost is,
Guests know how to kisse their hostesse,
Nought but love doth border neare it,
Goose or Hen will witsnesse beare it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice beauty
And a *Shepherd* doe salute me,
Lips I relish richly roseack,
Purely *Nectar* and *Ambroseack* ;
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the Countreys eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that Say be verified,
" *Far from God, but neare the Temple,*
Though their Pastor give exemple,
They are such a kind of vermin,
Pipe they'd rather heare than Sermon.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

*Nunc ad Kendall, propter * Pannum,
Cætum, situm, † Aldermannum,
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum & beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.*

*Ubi dicam (pace vestra)
Tectum mittitur è fenestra,
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum Johanne Dori :
Sancti fratres cum Poeta,
Lata canunt & faceta.*

*Nunc ad Staveley, ubi aves
Melos, modos cantant suaves,
Sub arbustis & virgultis
Molliore musco fultis :
Cellis, Sylvis, & Tabernis,
An foeliciorem cernis ?*

* Lanificiū gloria, & industria ita præcellens, ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum. Camb. in Brit.

Pannus mihi panis. Mot.

† Nomine Major eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,
Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Now to *Kendall*, for * Cloth-making,
Sight, site, † *Alderman* awaking,
Beauteous Damsels, modest mothers,
And her foure and twenty brothers,
Ever in her honour spreading,
Where I had my native breeding.

Where I'le tell you (while none mind us)
We throw th'house quit out at windows,
Nought makes them or me ought sory,
They dance lively with *John Dori*:
Holy Brethren with their Poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* streight repaire I,
Where sweet Birds doe hatch their airy,
Arbours, Osyers freshly showing
With soft mossie rinde or'e-growing:
For woods, ayre, ale, all excelling,
Would'st thou have a neater dwelling?

* A Towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing,
and industrious Trading, as her name is become famous in
that kind. *Camb. in Brit.*

Cloth is my bread. Mot.

† Now hast thou chang'd thy title unto *May're*,
Let life, state, style improve thy charter there.





Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

MIRTIL.



*S*to Faustule ! *recumbe,*
Rure tuo carmina funde ;
Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ alma messe ;
Tibi Zephyrus sub fago
Dulciter afflet.
FAUST. *Gratias ago.*

FINIS.

MIRT.





Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

MIRTIL.



EE't so *Faustulus* ! there repose thee,
Cheere thy Country with thy posie ;
Live, fare-well, as thou deservest,
Rich in *Arethusa's* harvest ;
Under th'Beach while Shepherds ranke thee,
Zephyrus blesse thee.
FAUST. I doe thanke thee.

FINIS.

Aurca



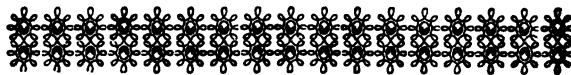


*A Urea rure mihi sunt secula, pocula
Tmoli.*



*Fruges adde Ceres, & frugibus adde racemos
Vitibus & Vates, Vatibus adde dies.*

Here





H Ere in the Countrey live I with my
Page,
Where *Tmolus* Cups I make my golden
age.



Ceres send corne, with corne adde grapes unto it,
Poet to wine, and long life to the Poet.

Lector





In Errata.

Lector, *ne mireris illa,*
Villam si mutavi villa,
Si regressum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inserendo, "ut præpono
Godmanchester Haringtono."

Quid si breves fiant longi?
Si vocales sint dipthongi?
Quid si graves sint acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placidè, plenè, planè,
Fregi frontem Prisciani?

Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudio pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, Verbum declinavi,
"Titubo-titubas-titubavi.

FINIS.

What





Upon the Errata's.

Reader, thinke no wonder by it,
If with Towne I've Towne supplied,
If my meeters backward nature
Set before what should be later,
"As for instance is exprest there,
Harrington after *Godmanchester*.

What though *brieves* too be made *longo's*?
What tho *vowels* be *diphthongo's*?
What tho *graves* become *acute* too?
What tho *accents* become *mute* too?
What tho freely, fully, plainly
I've broke *Priscians* forehead mainly?

What tho seat with seat I've strained?
What tho my limpe-verse be maimed?
What tho Night I've t'ane for Day too?
What tho I've made bryers my way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely
" *Titubo-titubas-titubavi*.

FINIS.

Ad

L





Ad Philoxenum.



*E viatores lepidi patronum,
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam
Vatis & vitis roseæ corymbum,
Artis alumum.*

*Te tuus Vates Lyricis salutat,
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.*

Thee





To Philoxenus.



THEE, pleasing way-mates titled have their
patron,
Their Countreys glory, which they build
their state on,
The Poets wine-bush, w^{ch} they use to prate on,
Arts mery minion.

In Lyrick measures doth thy Bard salute thee,
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me frō thee
But my religion.

Bessie



Bessie Bell:
CANTIO LATINE
Verfa; Alternis Vi-
cibus, Modernis vocibus
decantanda.

Authore *Corymbæo*.

Bessie Bell:
E N G L I S H E D;
to be sung in Alterne
Courses, & Moderne
voyces.

By *Corymbæus.*

DAM.



Bessie Bell.

DAMÆTAS.

ELIZA-BELLA.

1.

DAM.



*Ellula Bella, mī puella,
Tu me corde tenes,
O si clausā simus cellā
Mars & Lemnia Venus !*

*Tanti mī es, quanti tua res,
Ne spectes Bellula mundum,
Non locus est cui crimen obest
In amoribus ad cōcundum.*

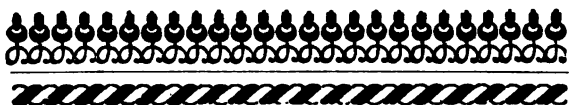
2.

BEL. *Crede Damætas, non sinit ætas
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Curā & carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.*

3.

DAM. *Virginis vita fit inimica
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In orbe sīta ne sis invita
Sponsa nitidula coli.
Aspice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hīc locus est, nam lucus adest
In amoribus ad cōcundum.*






Bessie Bell.

DAMÆTAS.

ELIZA-BELLA.

1.

DAM. Y bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,
I would thou wad scud a lang hether,
That we might here in a Cellar dwell,
And blend our bows together!

Deere a'rt to me as thy geere's to thee,
The World will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Loves Spies have no eyes to detect us.

2.

BEL. Trust me *Damætas*, youth will not let us,
Yet to be cing'd with loves taper,
Bonny blith Swainlin intend thy Lamkin,
To requite both thy layes and thy labour.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me,
The yoake I cannot approve it,
Then lye still with one, I'de rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

3.

DAM. To lead Apes in hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry and never to marry
Would bring it soone to desolation.
See my countenance is merry, cheeks red as chery,
This Cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Loves Spyes have no eyes to detect us.





Bessie Bell.

4.

BEL. *Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,
Volo, sed nolo fateri,
Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet ista tacere.
Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.*

5.

DAM. *Candida Bella, splendida Stella,
Languida lumina cerne,
Emitte mella Eliza-Bella,
Lentula tædia sperne.
Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus est cui crimen abest
In amoribus ad cœundum.*

6.

BEL. *Perge Damætas, nunc prurit ætas,
Me nudam accipe solam,
Demitte pecus si Bellam petas,
Exue virginis stolam.
Sic amo te, si tu ames me,
Nam jugo premittur suavi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Et amo, & amor, & amavi.*





Bessie Bell.

4.

BEL. 'Las, maidens must faine it, I love though I
I would, but I will not confesse it, (laine it,
My yeares are consorting and faine would bee sport-
But bashfulnesse shames to expresse it. (ing,
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me,
That yoake I cannot approve it,
Then lye still with one, I'de rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

5.


DAM. My beauteous *Bell*, who stars doest excel,
See mine eyes never dries but do weat me,
Some cõfort unbuckle my sweet honey-suckle,
Come away, doe not stay, I intreat thee.
Delay would undoe me, hye quickly unto me,
This River will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Loves Spyes have no eies to detect us.

6.

BEL. Come on *Dametas*, ripe age doth fit us,
Take aside thy nak't Bride and enjoy her,
So thou coll thy sweeting, let flocks fall a bleeting,
My maids weed on thy meed I'le bestow there.
Thus love I thee, so be thou love me,
The yoake is so sweet I approve it,
To lye still with one is better than none,
I doe love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.





ood Reader, if this Impression have errors in it, excuse it; The Copy was obscure; neither was the *Author*, by reason of his distance, and employments of higher consequence, made acquainted with the publishing of it.

*His Patavinus erravit prelis,
Authorem suis lacerando telis.*

Philander.



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1



Errata.

I*nter Barnabæ errores,
Hi mutârunt preli mores.
"Delirans iste Sapiens Gottam
"Reddit Cœtum propter Cotem.*

Tertia parte, vide Grantham.

Amongst other faults in print,
You shall find this Error in't.
"Did not that Sage of *Gottam* strangely faile,
"Who for a *Whetstone* render'd him a *Whale*?

In the Third part, see *Grantham*.

FINIS.



NOTES
ON THE
ITINERARY.



NOTES ON THE ITINERARY.

BEFORE we proceed to supply any illustrative or explanatory notes upon the text of Barnabee's Journal, it may not be unacceptable to give a contemporary character of our hero, and, as it is material to the history of the work, to make some observations as to the probable origin of the Title, and also of the time at which the whole was written and printed.

The first part of this enquiry will be confined to the popular character of

TIPPLING BARNABY.

Drunkenness is a passion that in every age has been too commonly tolerated, although part of its seductive characteristics are uniform: that of unnerving the strongest, idiotising the wisest, and rousing brutal ferocity in the ignorant. But this mental destroyer, of resistless sway, had, and probably continues to have, its peculiar or gradatory followers.

In the early days of our Author the pipe and the pot were fashionable pursuits; the novelty of the first served to increase the influence of the latter, and a

'brown dozen' of votaries to drinking has been delineated by a contemporary writer, as each possessing a particular bias and fixed character. Barnaby was one of these, and intended to exhibit a jovial tippler although only a 'maudlin-drunkard.' Such a one as the precise water-drinker must fancy is never actually sober, and yet at the close of a hard bout, the reason not being totally eclipsed, is never supposed actually drunk. Thus from an extremely rare tract* is obtained an outline of our bibacious Itinerant.

* *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards (ali-ass Drinkhards) whipt, and shipt to the Isle of Gulls: For their abusing of Mr. Malt the bearded son, and Barley-broth, the brainlesse daughter of Sir Iohn Barley-corne.*

All joco-seriously } *Wine-drunk*
descanted to our } *Wrath-drunk* } *Staggering Times.*
 } *Zeale-drunk.*

By one that hath drunk at S. Patricks well. [Woodcut.]
London: Printed by Robert Austin on Adlin-hill, 1648, 4to, 12 leaves. A page of verses is prefixed as 'the author's friend to every sober and solid reader.'

The names of the brown dozen, or, as now proverbialized, baker's dozen (thirteen), are

1. *Drunken Wimble-tree, ali-ass Reeler.*—Rolls like a wheel barrow, and "an emblem of our perniz'd times, as good as any in Catz, Quarles, Whitney, or Withers."

2. *Drink-hard Helluoh.*—"No flincher, he will stand to it more then any tinker."

3. *Of Drunken Barnabee.*

4. *One drunken Tom Trouble-towne, or Troublesome.*—A wonderful linguist, "a blustering blatrant blade he is, who cannot be content to be drunk in silence."

5. *Drunken Agonethes.*—The master of the Revels called M. Controller, "is wonderfull punctual, for discipline is observ'd more strictly in his taphouses than in some temples."

6. *Drunken Dick the Gull-Gallant.*—This be a true Trojan and a mad merry grig though no Greek: "consorts himselfe usually with Coridons and Coblers, Rakehells and Raveners, Oastlers and Tapsters, Raggamuffins and Tatergallians, Tipplers

"Of Drunken Barnabee. With whom to make a short dispatch, and to trusse up his humor in a paper halter, because we have dwelt too long upon Helluoh, this Barnabee, ali-ass Maudlin-drunk, besides the description that his proper new Ballad makes of him, *as drunke all night and dry in the morning*, his catch being 'Still one tooth is dry,' like one old Chamberlaine, called old Twitcher in Yorkshire, who though he had

and Tinkers, he feeds these spaniels which fawne upon him with good lappings from the tap."

7. *Drunken Laurence, ali-ass Lusty-guts.*—"When he puts off his considering cap and puts on his barly cap as he begins to be a friend to Bacchus and Ceres, he shewes himselfe no foe to Venus.—This late Lusty Laurence that Lancashire lad, who had 17 bastards in one year, if we believe his ballad, after his ale-mash and hot provender, is a stallion that neighs after every female filly."

8. *Drunken Don Quixot, ali-ass Wittypoll.*—Of a sudden by the fumes of Bacchus a mushrump poet, never so good a poetaster as when a pot-taster. "His pen pricks sharper than a porcupine's, his ink is as strong as his drink, it peirceth into a man's brains in jerking Iambicks and pricking Satyres sharper than the bristles of a hedge-hogg, it were able to make another Hipponax go hang himselfe."

9. *Drunken Spermologus.*—A word-minter, a Coriatized Od-comb.

10. *Drunken Philautus.*—Drunk with selfe-conceit as well as wine. "No sooner a note above Ela in his maultified mentall musick, but then especially he conceits all his geese to be swans, his capons cocks, his goats sheep, his rats rabbits, and his glow-worms blazing-stars."

11. *Drunken Sip-Sobrius.*—"A strange hermaphrodite that in one houre changeth from drunk to sober."

12. *Drunken Clericus, or Simplicius.*—"The Countrey Vicar, who to his meat must have liquor."

13. *Drunken Tom Tell-troath.*—What is to be known tell him, "he would vent it sooner in his cups, then if I told it in a barber's shop, a mill, a market, a schoole-house amongst boyes, a bakehouse amongst wenches, or at a gooseup's feast."

washed many hundred pounds downe his throat, protested he was yet dry for all that : but passing by that humour, which hath some coincidence with Helluohs, this our maultified maudlin is but halfe drunk and halfe sober, like a newter in religion, halfe a protestant, halfe a papist, halfe light, halfe darkenesse, like a twilight ; or as a luke warme Laodicean professor half hot, half cold, or indeed his true Hieroglyphick is an Archized, Tarltonized Buffon, half a fool, half a knave ; like a mule half an horse, halfe an asse : or a Cynoccephalist, halfe a dog, half an ape : or a Maremaid, half fish, half flesh : (*Mulier formosa supernè desinens in piscem*) but chiefly reflecting on Virgil's worse verse, as a ventriloquist termed his *semivirumq; bovem, semibovemq; virum*, half a man in his sober part, halfe an ox, a very beast in his acted drunken postures : just (or unjust) as King Philip was on his tribunall ; half asleep, half awake. Not as a lion, the emblem of a politician, waking when he feignes to sleep, as that Witt-all, or all-wit the Roman did to Macænas : (with his *solì Mæcenati dormio*) but like a semidormant, and semivigilant, betwixt hawke and buzzard, cup and can, a semi-drunkard, and semi-soberatus, quoth old Horsley, like a meer mongrill : halfe a gray-hound, halfe a mastife. Yet as in divinity we say, that God will have all in man or nought, the whole man or no man ; without any more will to admit a corrivall then Cæsar to shift stakes with Pompey, or Alexander with Darius, or the true mother once to divide the child with the false mother : Detesting an Agrippa that is but half persuaded to be a Christian and no further : like a cake half bak'd : or flesh half boil'd or half broill'd, occasioning so much our Irish fluxes. So in morality, though I approve what Paul allowed Timothy, and Solomon's mother the sad-hearted, a little wine, as a little raine to refresh the earth, not to bog it with

too much ; or so many cups from the grape (according to the old distinction) as tend to necessity and to hilarity, yea to acuity, to whetten the wits of a heavy Dutchman, and to heat a cold Beotian braine ; yet I dislike a man to be half drunk, maudlin drunk, and but partly sober, as I distast a man that is but partly honest, and not downright : as Cato in Rome, and Phocion in Athens. And a woman that is suspected to be too great a dancer with the Romane Sempronia ; or too great a comrade with young gallants, like Augustus his Livia, and Julia, to be held absolutely honest. But to trouble the by-standers no more with this half-staking gamester, I touch upon another who hath oft troubled me."

OF THE TITLE.

Under this head the inquiry branches into two questions—

1st. Whether the name of *Barnabee* may be believed to have originated with any particular person.

2dly. Whether it was appositely adopted from the local popularity of an old catch or ballad.

Minute as the account given in the life of the many relatives of Brathwait may appear, let it be recollected that the same is confined to the *paternal* branches only, which were sufficiently numerous, and enough dispersed to furnish such a succession of visits, within the pale of his own family, as to make Brathwait imbibe the unsettled spirit of a rambler, and to give birth to that coinage of adventure displayed in the Itinerary.

That a fuller notice of the maternal branch of the

family should be reserved to this place has arisen from the novelty it offers to our consideration in exhibiting the name of *Barnabee* among the near relatives of Brathwait. His father, as already stated, married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Byndloss of Haylston, whose wife was Agnes, daughter of — Harrison. Their issue was—1. Anne, mar. William Fleming. 2. The abovenamed Dorothy. 3. Sir Robert B., knight, married first, Mary Elstoff of Thornhill, Yorkshire; second, Alice Dockwray of Dockwray Hall, Kendal. 4. Christopher, married Millicent Dalton of Lancaster. 5. Anne, married Walter Jobson. 6. Thomas. 7. Walter. 8. *Barnaby*.

Of the history of this maternal uncle christened *Barnaby* no particulars are known. The pedigree states the last three sons as all dying without issue, but does not supply any dates for those events. Therefore whether the youngest son, *Barnaby*, died in infancy or lived to a maturer age remains at present uncertain. In either case, from the alliance to Brathwait, the fact of his existence could not be silently omitted. He might live to figure away as the roving, jolly bachelor; the first promoter of convivial meetings, and boon companion at all opportunities; restlessly in search of novelty, always rambling independently through the country, a welcome favourite of women, and if not the glowing prototype of the hero of the *Itinerarium*, still such an outline of the original 'malt-worm' as needed only the touch of the poet to supply life, colouring, and immortality. If such a bibacious reveller did exist, and obtained no more than provincial notoriety, does it seem too much to expect, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some traditional information of his history? some proverb founded on his eccentricity? or some facetious monumental record, in imitation of his great forerunner,

tippling Elderton, to proclaim in his grave that *he was dry* ! *

By the title-page it was intended to prevent any personal application of the character of *Barnabee*, in declaring that the Journal was "to most apt numbers reduced, and to the old tune of *Barnabe* commonly chaunted;" which leads to the last part of the in-

* Brathwait's knowledge of this character, who "for ballads never had peer," was not discovered when the last edition was printed. The original epitaph on Elderton is given in the "Remains after Death," 1618, with a translation and comment, thus—

"That of one Elderton (an inscription too bitter) yet to dis-authorize that sin, (which, like that powerfull ointment whereof Apuleius relates, amongst the Thessalonians, transforming and metamorphosing men into brute beasts) to wit drunkennesse, whereof he was taxed, nothing can be too vehement or violent :

*Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus ;
Quid dico hic situs est ? hic potius situs est.*

Camd. in *Remains*.

Heere drunken Elderton in earth lies thrust,
Lies thrust (say I) or rather heere lies thirst.

Again, in *Nature's Embassie*, 1621, at p. 130, is the following marginal note to the ninth Satyr "of Epicurisme."

"Resembling one Elderton, on whom this inscription was writ :

"Here lieth drunken Elderton, in earth now thrust ;
What said I thrust ? nay, rather here lies thirst."

In Rem. of a greater Worke.

This Epitaph was imitated by another hand in the following lines *On a Drunkard* :

"—— the drunkard,* while he liv'd would say,
The more I drinke the more me thinks I may :
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
For he hath drunke himselfe as dry as dust."

See *Wit's Recreations*, 1640.

* Later editions read 'Bibax the drunkard.'

quiry, under the present head, where we again need information.

The "old tune of *Barnabe*," or, as elsewhere named, "old catch of *Whoop Barnaby*," has escaped all research, however ardently and extensively pursued within the last sixty years, for the purpose of reviving our ancient music and ballads.

The popularity of the words, or tune, or both, first appears by the character of "*Barnabe*, a hir'd coachman," being introduced by Ben Jonson once in a scene of the comedy of *The new Inn, or the light Heart*. The slight connection of this character with the development of the story of the drama renders the name of *Barnabee* too trifling for any other purposes of Jonson than in part to personify a favourite old catch, and thereby to secure applause from the 'groundlings' and gallery. *Barnabe*, the hired coachman, having driven to Barnet, is "as drie as dust," and inquires of Jordan, the landlord, an old acquaintance—

"How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the sadler?
Keep they their penny-club, still?"

Jor. And th' old catch too,
Of Whoop *Barnaby*.

Bar. Doe they sing at me?

Jor. They are reeling at it, in the parlour, now.

Bar. I'll to 'hem: Gi' mee a drinke first.

Jor. Where's thy hat?

Bar. I lost it by the way: Gi' me another.

Jug. A hat?

Bar. A drinke."*—

Jonson again mentions this catch in a Masque that was performed several times at Court, called *The Gypsies*, where a pilfering Gypsy is described to have

* *The New Inn*, 1631, oct.

taken from Christian "her Practice of Piety with a bow'd groat, and the ballad of *Whoop Barnaber*, which grieves her worst of all." *

Edmund Prestwich, in a poem printed 1651, "On a Talkative and Stammering Fellow," with some humour tells him—

"Wert thou but musically giv'n, by thee
How rarely *Barnaby* would chaunted be,
When as the Drunkard might take all along,
His reeling measures from thy stagg'ring tongue?"

Another celebrated writer of that period, Charles Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, 1664, introduces the name to imply significantly the act of *reeling*.

"Bounce cries the port-hole ; out they fly,
And make the world dance *Barnaby*." †

With these notices may be given a Song, pointed out by a literary acquaintance, which, whatever its merit may be, is incidentally entitled to insertion.

[S O N G.]

To the tune of *Pip my Cock*.

"Alas ! poor silly Barnaby, how men do thee molest ;
In city, town, and countrey, they never let thee rest :
For let a man be merry, at even or at morne,
They will say that he is *Barnaby*, and laugh him for to
scorn ;

* *The Masque of the Gypsies*, printed by J. Okes, 1640.

† Dancing was one of the accomplishments in which Brathwait, as appears by his works, excelled ; and probably described himself for the hero that did

———"winne the LEGGE three yeeres together."
Shepherd's Tales, 1621, part 1, p. 18.

And call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone :
But can they not tend their drinking, and let Barnaby
alone ?

You city dames so dainty, that are so neat and fine,
That every day drinks plenty of spice and claret wine,
But you must have it burnt with sugar passing sweet,
They will not suffer Barnaby to walke along the street,
But call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone :
Cannot you 'tend your gosseping, and let Barnaby alone ?

You clerks and lawyers costly, that are so fine and nice,
When you do meet so costly, with a cup of ale and spice,
You will take your chamber, before you do begin,
Although you steale him privatly, you count it is no sin,
Though Barnaby stands open, in sight of every one,
What, cannot you 'tend your drinking, and let Barnaby
alone ?

But I have seen some hostis, that have taken a pott,
When her head runns giddy, she'l call for a double shott,
Although she gets her living by such kind of gests,
Shall mock, scoffe, and deride me, as deeply as the rest,
But call me drunken Barnaby when all my money is gon,
But cannot they look to their mault man, and let Barnaby
alone ?" *

A gentleman living [in 1820] recollected hearing,
early in life, an elderly person singing part of the
original ballad, and varying the last line of the frag-
ment, inserted before at p. 18, thus—

“ The drunk over night are dry the next morning.”

From the same friendly communication was obtained
the following notice of a very modern reference to
the music of this catch. In Henry Fielding's

* *Wit and Drollery, Joviall poems: corrected and much amended,
with additions. By Sir J. M. Ja. S. Sir W. D. J. D. and the
most refined Wits of the age, 1661. 12mo.*

Author's Farce, with a puppet shew called the Pleasures of the Town, act iii. is the following song to the tune of "*Hey Barnaby take it for warning*," sung by Punch and an Orator, which is repeated here to supply the measure of the old ballad.

"P. No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken ;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons, or you are nonsuited :
Heigh ho.

No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, orator, you are mistaken.
O. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti to."

As this piece was acted at the Haymarket in 1729, and revived with alterations at Drury Lane some years afterwards, it makes it the more remarkable that no certain information can be given of the original.

No particular date can be assigned to the composition of the Itinerary. It seems a piece of mingled fact and fiction, the accumulation of a space of nearly thirty years ; and we must not hastily admit all the author desires to have believed in the lines "*Upon this work*." The four journeys were never the offspring of only a "three days task ;" nor yet wholly written in "the first spring of his minority," when no "razor then had touched his chin," as, by his own confession, at the conclusion of the last tour the hours of youth were fled. Many of the adventures originated in a heated and unripe imagination, while others, founded on local and provincial occurrences, or domestic events of the author's life, are strictly correct ; and to a few incidents dates can be assigned. These dates create a doubt whether this prefatory poem applies to more than the first and

second parts. The first journey commenced at Banbury, probably while he was a student at Oxford, and ended at Staveley. His second excursion was to London; where having arrived, the poem appears as if intended to end by the stanza "*Upon the Errata's*." Nor is it improbable that was the fact, and the printing of it suspended from the cold reception of the *Strappado for the Diuel* in 1615, the fate of which Brathwait thus records: "A pleasant poeme by the author long since published, and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed."*

Among the poems printed with the *Strappado* is one inscribed "To the worshipful Recorder of Kendall," wherein it is said "my Journey's at an end," and if these words may not be applied to one of the first two parts of the Itinerary, they have scarcely any meaning. The following Epigram, in the same collection, seems derived from his desire to perpetuate his progresses.

"*In Poetam Hippodramum* ; or Post-riding Poet.

"It tooke a poet once i' th' head to poast,
For what I know not, but I'me sure it cost
His nurse far more (as I have heard some say)
Then ere his muse was able to repay."

In the last two journeys, Barnabee, without abating in humour, displays in himself a rather more staid character. His amours terminate in disappointments; and his muse narrates scenes less disgraceful than tippling brawls and sottish revels. At Darlington he marries: and then our Itinerant begins to traffic as a drover or dealer in cattle, solemnly proclaiming the necessity of living chaste, from the eyes of the country being upon him. At a still later period his rambling terminates with settling at Staveley, where the narrative of his journeys under-

* *Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635, p. 175.

went a revision. In performing this task events chronicled long before needed an addition, by way of notes, to fashion them to more recent occurrences. Thus the stanza on Kendal, which ends the third journey, sign. H, and Barnabee's note thereon, are of very different dates, as the one must have preceded and the other as certainly followed the eleventh year of Charles I. (1636).

All the capitals and rule ornaments used in the first edition (and several are of rather peculiar character) are found in a little work by Brathwait, nearly contemporary, printed by John Haviland.

Loyal Pheander, &c.] These lines are similar to the following at the end of the postscript to *Ar't asleepe Husband?* 1640.

"That Great Commander peerlesse for a fellow,
Layd Homers Works under his royall pillow ;
I'm but a poore Commander, yet in stead
Of those, I'll lay this Boulster for my head."

"*I'd ne're seene any curtaine nor partition.*"] A more explanatory comment on this line it is not likely will be found than in the following passage from Brathwait's address in the *Strappado* to *Mounsieur Bacchus*.

— "I'll expresse
What motiues there be of licentiousnesse
Within thy brothel closures, and with all
Complaine of thy partitions, how the fall
Of many a simple virgine (though shee's loath
To do't, poore wench) coms from a painted cloath,
A curtaine, or some hanging of like sort,
Which done, God wot, they'ue cause to curse thee for't."

Ad Translatorem.] To the Translator.—Whatever opinion may be entertained of the insufficiency of the English compared with the Latin text, there cannot

be any reason for questioning that they were both the production of Brathwait. Upon translating the *Arcadian Princess* from the Italian of Mariano Silesio, he observes: "If this new dresse doe not become him, all that I can say in mine owne defence is this, and no other: 'there is great difference betwixt Taylor and Translator.' Sure I am, that the *loome* is the same, if not the *lustre*; the *stuffe* the same, though not the *colour*." Which may be equally applied to the Itinerary; and that he translated when sober what obtained birth from his more convivial hours, according to his own quotation—

"When I'm drunke as any Rattin,
Then I rap out nought but Lattin."
Law of Drinking, 1617.

We shall contentedly drop the question by exhibiting specimens of our author's English poetry in the same manner as he recites his travels:—

To Dorinda, successiue Nuptials.

"Purest Nymph that Hybla bred,
With ambrosia nourished,
Beautie's glorie, nature's mirror,
Heauen's blest Trophie, worlde's terror,
Nature made thee and thy feature
As it seemes to put downe nature,
Most admir'd, when most delected,
Humble most, when most erected."
The Poet's Willow, 1614.

"An Epigramme called *The Cambrian Alchymist*.

"The planet-stroken Albumazor
Shaues the Muses like a razor;
Fayry like we therefore shun them,
Cause there is no haire vpon them,

Muses loose their ornament,
Cambria has their excrement.——

In a clowde ? it's rather showne,
Like the man that's in the moone,
Where our Iles Ardelio,
Descants of Tom Trinkillo ;
Form'd like one that's all in mist,
Like a second Alchymist.

Strange the object was, I wis,
Of this metamorphosis ;
Nought was, if I understood,
Good, but what it was deem'd good
By the great ; O worthy feate,
To be worthlesse deemed great."

Strappado for the Devil, 1615, p. 114.

"Care who loves then, let him liue
Single ; whereas such need lesse
As themselves to marriage giue,
For these want what they possesse ;
Care whereof breeds now and then
Broken sleeps in many men."

Vpon the Single Life, published with *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619.

"Nor the crazie citizen
But is furr'd up to the chin :
Oister-callet, slie Upholster,
Hooking Huxster, merrie Malster,
Cutting Haxter, courting Roister,
Cunning Sharke, nor sharking Foister."

Nature's Embassie, 1621, p. 254.

"Haplesse-hopelesse is that clime,
Which is of this humour sicke,
And in sleep consumes her time,
Ruine to states politicke :
States are ever most secure,
When they hold themselves least sure."

Arcadian Princess, 1635, p. 126.

Banbury.] Barnabee was the determined foe of the Puritans, between whom and the poets a few skirmishes had taken place in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the brunt of the battle was sustained during the two following reigns, until the Puritans were totally discomfited at the Restoration. Some one, not inaptly, has said, "The poets were pert and the Puritans petulant." The first in their satires exposed the others as hypocrites, who in return, in the pestilent heat of their doctrines, attempted to brand their opponents as Atheists. Jonson condescended, by his character of "Zeal-o-the-land-busy,"* to enlist as a distinguished leader, followed by our author,† with Randolph, Cokain, Cartwright, and others of minor import, each having a cut at this big body of deformity, until it was finally dissected by the unrivalled Butler.

The story of hanging the cat, true or invented, was first related by Brathwait, in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109, addressed

To the Precisian.

"For the Precisian that dares hardly looke,
 (Because th' art pure forsooth) on any booke
 Saue homilies, and such as tend to th' good
 Of thee and of thy zealous brother-hood:
 Know *my time-noting lines* ayme not at thee,
 For thou art too too curious for mee.
 I will not taxe that man that's wont to slay
 "His cat for killing mise on th' Sabbath day:
 No; know my resolution it is thus,
 I'de rather be thy foe than be thy pus:

* See comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted 31 October 1614.

† Brathwait, on another occasion, says of the Puritan—

"A walking Hypocrite there was, whose pace,
 Trunk hose, small ruffe, deminutiae in forme,
 Shew'd to each man *He was the child of grace.*"

And more should I gaine by 't : for I see
The daily fruits of thy fraternity :” &c.

This was published in 1615, and probably alludes to a current story, as the inverted commas before the eighth line seem to imply the subject borrowed : though no such distinction appears when repeated by John Taylor, the water-poet, in describing a Brownist :

“ The spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,
His zeale is hot, although his meat be cold,
Suppose his cat on Sunday kill a rat,
She on the Munday must be hang'd for that.” *

Again it occurs in a poem “ *Upon Lutestrings Cat-eaten.*”

“ Pusse, I will curse thee, maist thou dwell
With some dry Hermit in a cel,
Where Rat ne're peep'd, where Mouse ne're fed,
And flies go supperlesse to bed :
Or with some close-par'd Brother, where
Thoul't fast each Sabbath in the yeare,
Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
For butchering a Mouse on Sunday.” †

This conventicle rap was also introduced upon the stage by William Sampson, in the play of *The Vow-Breaker*.‡ In the third act we have : “ Enter Joshua, his cat in a string, Miles, Ball.” The scene is too

* *The praise of Hemp-seed.* Taylor's Works, fol. 1630.

† *Musarum Delicia : or the Muses Recreation.* By Sir J. M. and Ya. S. 1655, 2d. ed. 1656, 12mo.

‡ *The Vow-Breaker, or, The Faire Maide of Clifton, In Nottinghamshire, as it hath beene divers times acted by severall Companies with great applause.* By Williant Sampson.—1636. 4to.

long to be repeated here. Joshua is made to exclaim against "the heathen bables, the may-poles of time, and pageants of vanity ; but I will convince them of error, and scour their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations." Of the cat he observes : "She did kill a mouse, I but when ? on the forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday : " and afterwards passes sentence thus : "I adjudge thee to be hanged this Munday for killing a mouse yesterday, being the high day."

No apology can be required for preserving here the following ballad, which is now little known. The old printed copy has been corrected by another in manuscript, but neither of them enables us to fix the year when originally written, however certain it was contemporary with our author.

SONG.

"A presbyterian Cat sat watching of her prey,
And in the house
She caught a mouse
Upon the Sabbath day.

The Minister offended at such a deed profane,
Threw by his book,
The Cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

'Thou damn'd confounded creature, and blood sucker
(says he),

'Tis enough to throw
To hell, below,
My holy house and me.

Thou well may'st be assured thou blood for blood shall
pay

That in thy strife
Took mouse's life
Upon the Sabbath day.

O then he took his Bible book, and earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin,
The Cat was in,
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution was poor Grimalkin drawn,
Where on a tree
There hang'd was she,
While Pres. John sung a psalm.

Since the act of Puritan and they that bear such sway,
You ne'er must kill
A louse nor mouse
Upon the Sabbath day." *

This passage of our author was happily applied, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, by the late Mr Courtenay, against two of the Members whose zeal appeared rather overstrained. It was in March 1795, on a Bill for the better observ-

* Printed from an excellent collection of popular lyrical pieces, called *The Aviary, or Magazine of British Melody*, oblong, no date (about 1740), corrected by a copy in manuscript from the collection of a literary gentleman.—Mr Franks of Stockton, nephew to Mr Ritson, obligingly communicated the transcript of an old copy, from *The Raven: a choice Collection of Roaring Songs, calculated for the sole use and benefit of such Gentlemen as have little Judgment and no Voice*. 8vo. MS. The *Aviary* is nearly the same as the latter, except wanting the title of "The Sabbath Breaker, or Murder Reveng'd." Another variation of the above song, with two additional verses that form an impotent conclusion, is collected among the *Jacobite Relics* by James Hogg, 1819, p. 37. It is there described as a "popular country song," and entitled the *Cameronian Cat*, though evidently an English composition. By the arrangement the editor to whom we are indebted for this interesting collection, appears to have believed it a Jacobite production of the time of James II.; but it was undoubtedly levelled against the unbending Oliverians, who never intended a king should enjoy his own again. Mr Hogg describes it as "always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters."

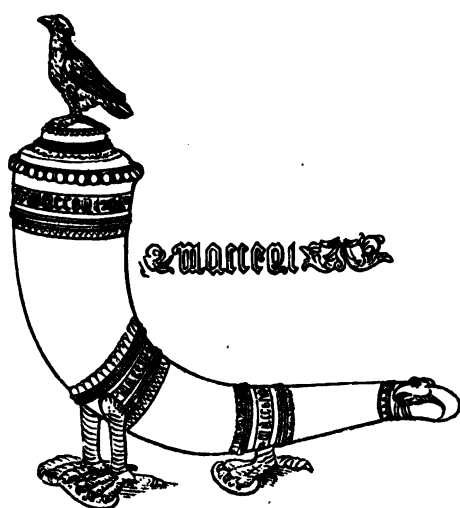
ance of Sunday being introduced into Parliament by Sir William Dolben and Sir Richard Hill. In debate it was warmly as well as wittily attacked by Mr Courtenay, who, among other things, said he would read to the House six lines, whimsically prophetic of this very Bill, extracted from a curious little book called "*Rowland's Itinerary*."

"In Oxford, much against my will,
I met two knights, Dolben and Hill;
The first he was a most profane one,
The next a rigid puritane one,
Who hang'd his wicked cat on Monday,
Because she catch'd a mouse on Sunday."

Sir William Dolben, in reply, treated the quotation as a mere fiction, and compared his antagonist to Lauder the calumniator of Milton. Mr Courtenay, in explanation, said the Honourable Baronet had given him more credit than he deserved in ascribing the lines to him; they were taken from a book called "*Drunken Barnaby's Travels*."*

That our author should particularly satirise the town of Banbury for its puritanism might arise from the greater number of the inhabitants being of that persuasion. "There is a credible story (says Bishop Gibson), that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the *Britannia*, Mr Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off; and looking on, he found, that to his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr Camden thinking it too light in expression, chang'd the word *ale* into *zeal*; and so it pass'd, to the great

* See Debates, 26th March 1795, in the *Parliamentary Register*, vol. xli. p. 151.



indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town." *

Brathwait was well acquainted with *Camden's Britannia*, as appears by a note on the Itinerary, and no stranger to this anecdote at the time of writing his epistle to the Cottoneers, where it is indirectly made the subject of his muse. See note on Bradford.

Another equally facetious traveller, Bishop Corbet, in the *Iter Boreale*, also remarked the number and variety of sectaries with which Banbury abounded—

"The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
Like a grand sallet of Tinkers, what a towne is't." †

And in "a Poem [by Cleveland] in defence of the decent ornaments of Christ Church Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them idolatries," it is asked

— "Shall we say
Banbury is turned Rome, because we may
See the Holy Lamb and Christopher? nay, more,
The altar stone set at the tavern doore?" ‡

Queen's College horn.] This ancient drinking-horn, one of the lions of the College to which it belongs, is supposed to be the finest in existence, and long celebrated for its antiquity, beauty, and richness.

By the assistance of my valuable friend, the Rev. Dr Bliss, a representation is given of this curious drinking-horn.

* *Camden's Britannia*, ed. 1753, c. 300.

† *Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich*. Edited by Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. 1807. p. 202.

‡ *Parnassus Biceps*, 8vo. 1656, p. 3.

The substance of the horn itself is semitransparent, like tortoiseshell. It was presented to the College by the foundress, Philippa, queen of Henry III. ; and, according to tradition, served to convey a valuable manor in Dorsetshire. It is still used very frequently on gaudies and festivals, and contains two quarts Winchester measure.

It is richly ornamented with gold. The eagle on the top of the lid is hollow ; while the other end, or tip, terminates with the head of a leopard, or some other heraldic animal, curved round (towards the animal's right) to the body of the horn, and appears in the act of snarling. On the circular border surrounding the elevated centre of the cover on which the bird stands, the legend *wassteyl* occurs thrice ; also repeated as often on the rim of gold nearest the lip ; and again upon the rim to which the two fore-feet are attached ; but not on that supported by the hind-leg. A semicircle of gold connects the extremities of the talons of each foot to each other ; but the hind-claw of each of the three legs stands unconnected.

The horn, from the crest of the bird to the soles of the two claws, is in height	F. I.
Of that height the eagle measures	1 8
From the crest to the extreme curve of the animal's head is	0 7
From the point of the beak to the animal's mouth, in a straight line	2 4 $\frac{3}{4}$
The circumference of the mouth	1 8
The longest diameter of the oval mouth	1 3
The shortest diameter of the oval mouth	0 5 $\frac{1}{4}$
The height of the two fore-claws	0 4 $\frac{1}{4}$
The height of the hind-claw	0 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
The circumference of the first legendic band	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
The circumference of the second legendic band	1 0 $\frac{3}{4}$
The breadth of the first band	0 9
The breadth of the second band	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

The breadth of the third band	o	14
The length of the gold ornament at the extremity terminating in the snarling head	o	7

We have been the more particular in this description, from the uncommon beauty and size of the original, which is probably matchless.

Of the ancient custom of giving estates in fee and also granting honourable offices by the gift, and the retainment by possession of a drinking-horn, the late Dr Pegge collected several instances in his *Observations on the Horn, as a Charter*.* The present horn is larger, but otherwise similar to the Borstal Horn, of any described by the learned antiquary; and that was "supposed to have belonged to the Bison or Buffalo." It is remarkable, from the inscription appearing to direct that the gift of the donor should be annually commemorated by a wassail pledge in the Christmas revels. How the horn was to pass is uncertain. We have heard of long narrow drinking-cups, now in use for a single draught, denominated "a Long Conscience" and "a Short Conscience,"—the one holding three pints, and the other a quart; and therefore doubt if this horn, although for magnitude it might have been borne by the Sanga or Galla Ox, † was not anciently used for a like effort of conviviality, and thereby spoke "pure Athenian." The Wassail Bowl went from lip to lip without replenishing: but the horn was probably a pledge filled for every guest, and expected to be emptied without breathing or spilling; according to the tipping law for a long or short conscience, and in some places

* *Archæologia*, vol. iii.

† See *Voyage to Abyssinia*, by Henry Salt, Esq. 1814. 4to. p. 259.

for drinking a yard of ale. Of the Wassail our author says—

“ Every day we dranke our Shepherds health
In wassell cups ; not caring for our heards,
How well or ill they far’d, a figg for wealth,
Wee made our chopps wagg, and our grisled beards.”*

Brackley.] The Mayor the chief magistrate, “ tho’ now, says Gibson, only titular.” *Camden’s Britannia.*

Donec creta fregit fidem.] A poetical fiction. Our author states in the *Address to Mon. Bacchus*,

—“ I could say, and truly say, far more,
I neuer ran ten shillings on thy skore,
Which may seem strange, that I which am so grown
Into acquaintance, and to thee well knowne,
Should in thy booke haue such a diffidence,
As not be chault for want of ready pence.”†

Gottam.] There seems intended a humorous transposition of the proverbial wisdom of the men to the women of Gotham. The female gull dancing in moonshine was probably founded on an accident which happened in the presence of Brathwait, who relates it as a *moot point*, whether to ascribe the same to Fate or the Taylor.

“ Upon a time it chanced that I came
To Gottam, a small towne nere Nottingham,
About which time they kept a solemne wake,
Where every liuely lad tooke in his make, ‡
Each lasse her lad, so as you need not feare
But ere they parted they made dancing deare ;
Amongst the rest a frolicke youth there was,
Who tooke to him a lustie bouncing lasse ;

* Hobbinol’s dialogue in *Times Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.

† *Strappado for the Diuel*, 1615.

‡ i.e. Mate.

Up went the crowd, the viole, and the fiddle,
 While he right smoothly takes her by the middle,
 Beginning with a kisse, for so they do it,
 Which done right mannerly they went unto it.
 Lightly he caper'd, youth is free from care,
 And she as nimble, bates him not a haire ;
 But long they had not danc'd, till this yong maid,
 In a frest stammell petticoate array'd,
 With vellure sleues, and bodies tied with points,
 Began to feel a loosenesse in her joynts ;
 So as about the may-pole while she tripps,
 Downe fell under-bodie from her hipps,
 And show'd the naked truth, for all espide it,
 Till one lent her his cloake that she might hide it.
 Now pray you say whom ought we most to blame,
 Fate, or the Taylor rather for the same,
 Or neither, both, but the fashion sure I weene,
 But for her points she had not naked been :
 So as it may a caveat be to such
 Who use to stand upon their *points* too much."*

* Lines of Fate in *Time's Curtaine Drawne*, &c., 1621. In the same year was published *The Shepheard's Tales*, and in the third Eglogve Linus the Shepheard describes his wife, Lesbia, to

" Observe the fashion, do I what I could,
 Bearing a port far higher in a word,
 Than my abilitie could well afford :
 That she I say into this fashion got,
 (As what was th' fashion she affected not)
 Of tying on with points her looser waste ;
 Now I obseruing how her points were plast,
 The euen before she to a wake should go,
 I all her points did secretly vndo,
 Yet therewithall such easie knots did make,
 That they might hold till she got to the wake.
 Which she not minding ;

Cor. On, good Linus, on.
Lin. She hyes her to the wake (my Coridon)
 Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,
 And nimbly falls vnto her reuelling.
 But see the luck on't, while she scuds and skips,
 Her vnderbody falls from off her hipps,

Mortimeriados.] This name is borrowed from the original title-page of Drayton's: '*Mortimeriados*, the lamentable ciuell warres of Edward the Second, and the Barons.' 1596.

Aberford.] A little town, "famous for its art of pin-making; the pins made here being in particular request among the ladies."—*Camden*.

Wakefield.] Every description of the valiant Pindar is worth preserving: the following lines are from the poem *To the Cottonneers*.*

———"that I intend to show,
Is merry Wakefield and her Pindar too;
Which fame hath blaz'd, with all that did belong
Unto that towne in many gladsome song:
The Pindars valour, and how firme he stood
In th' towne's defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin-hood,
How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold:
His many May games which were to be seene,
Yeerely presented upon Wakefield greene,
Where louely Jugge and lustie Tibb would go,
To see Tom liuely turne vpon the toe;
Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,
And many more I will not speake of here:
Good God! how glad hath been this hart of
mine
To see that towne, which hath in former time

Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,
That she vncas'd, should shew the naked truth."

Breaking the points was a common joke against the prevailing fashion. A similar incident is related in *Kempes Nine Dayes Wonder*, 1600, as happening when he arrived at the Cross at Norwich.

* *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615.

So flourish'd, and so gloried in her name,
 Famous by th' Pindar who first rais'd the same?
 Yea, I haue paced ore that greene and ore,
 And th' more I saw 't, I tooke delight the more;
 For where we take contentment in a place,
 A whole daies walke seems as a cinque pace:
 Yet as there is no solace vpon earth,
 Which is attended euermore with mirth:
 But when we are transported most with gladnesse
 Then suddenly our joye's reduc'd to sadnesse,
 So far'd with me to see the Pindar gone,
 And of those iolly laddes that were, not one
 Left to suruiue: I grieu'd more then I'll say:
 But now for *Bradford*"—— (See next note.)

Bradford.] The same story is related, more at large, in the Epistle to *The Cottonneers*, just referred to.

———"for Bradford I must hast away.
 Bradford if I should rightly set it forth,
 Stile it I might *Banberry of the North*,
 And well this title with the towne agrees,
 Famous for twanging *ale, ZEALE, cakes, and cheese*:
 But why should I set zeale behinde their ale!
 Because zeale is for some, but ale for all;
 Zealous indeed some are (for I do heare
 Of many zealous sempring sister there)
 Who loue their brother, from their heart iffaieth,
 For it is charity, as Scripture saith:
 But I am charm'd, God pardon what's amisse,
 For what will th' wicked say that heare of this,
 How by some euil brethren 't hath been sed,
 Th' brother was found in 's zealous sister's bed."

"Yet *bon-socios* and good fellows."

"A bonus socjus in good company."*

* Poem *To the Cottonneers*.

Giggleswick.] The scenery of this place is accurately delineated by our author. The 'fresh spring' that continually ebbs and flows is described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song 28th, first published in 1612, and is still earlier noticed in the following lines, from a manuscript poem by another popular writer of that period—

" At Giggleswick, there many springes doe rise
That ebbe and flowe in strange and wondrous wise:
When 'tis at highest 'tis nyne ynches deepe,
At ebbe it doth but one ynche water keepe :
It ebbes and flowes ech quarter of an howre." *

Clapham.] Index hand: This peculiarity of the press often occurs in Brathwait's prose works, to note a new sentence, proverb, &c. Here it appears uselessly or inadvertently introduced by the printer.

Staveley.] The etymology of this name is given in the *Epistle to the Cottoners*, describing as the tutelar patroness of their trade, Carmentis, who established the Phrygian works, and coming from Rome to this Isle with Aquila, the fleet divided, and she arrived in the haven of Workington. After giving name to "Cartmell or Carment-hill," she continued her journey, and

— "on Stauelaies Cliffes, they say, -
She laid her staffe, whence comes the name Staffelay ;
Corruptly Staulay, where she staid a space,
But seeing it a most notorious place,

* *The Neue Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poetical Legendes. Written by J. M. Gent. 1600. 4to. MS. [Compare Randolph's Works, by Hazlitt, p. 7.]*

And that th' trades-men were so giuen to the pot,
That they would drinke far more then ere they got ;
She turn'd from thence, yet left some maids behinde,
That might acquaint them in this wool-worke kinde,
While she did plant, as ancient records be,
Neerer to Kendall in th' Barronrie." *

Epigram.] Something similar had before come from the same mint. In *The Smoaking Age* 1617, occurs "Bacchus Ivie-bush," and "bottle-nosed Bacchus," and Brathwait also inscribed a poem—

"To the true discoverer of secrets Mounsieur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Ivy-bush, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordinance, &c. &c." It begins

"Bottle-nos'd Bacchus with thy bladder face,
To thee my muse comes reeling for a place." †

Again—

"Bacchus cares not for outward signes a rush,
Good wine needs not the hanging of a bush." ‡

The same proverb is given in a madrigal—

"I am no merchant that will sell my breath,
Good wine needs not a bush to set it forth." §

Stanza 2 to 5.] It is conjectured the allusion here is to Tom Coriate.—*Park.*

Isle of Rhé.] This place was fruitlessly attacked by the Duke of Buckingham in 1627, some of whose

* *Strappado for the Diuel.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Golden Fleete, 1611.*

official communications thereon are printed with *Miscellaneous State Papers*, 1778, 4to. vol. ii. p. 23. For "An Elegie upon the Death of Sir John Burrowes, slaine at the Isle of Ree," see *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656.

This is the only public event in the first two journeys that militates against the conjecture of their being written about 1615, but it might have been introduced afterwards. At a later period Tom D'Urfey wrote *The Travels of Drunkard, the famous Curr* for his faithful attachment, when

"Away went he and crost the sea,
With's master, to the Isle of *Rhea*,
A good way beyond Callicè."*

John a Gaunt.] By this allusion to John a Gaunt the town was undoubtedly Lancaster. It has a similar description and is made the principal scene of action in the *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, which begins: "Neare to that ancient towne of famous and time-honoured Gaunt, for her antiquity of site no lesse memorable recorded then for those eminent actions of her princely progenitors, renowned." Barnabee proceeds to Ashton, which is "near to that ancient town," and where the "militem and heroinam" were no doubt the Androgeus and Euryclea, father and mother of Doriclea, in that history.

Preston.] At the time Taylor, the water-poet, made his *Penniless Pilgrimage*, he records Master Banister as the Mayor of Preston.

* *Fills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. vi.

"Unto my lodging often did repaire
 Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the mayor,
 Who is of worship, and of good respect,
 And in his charge discreet and circumspect;
 For I protest to God I neuer saw
 A Towne more wisely gouern'd by th' law."*

Rose.] In the encomiastic note upon Rose, the author seems to have borne in memory the following epitaph upon Rosamund, which he probably met with in his first journey at Woodstock; or in Camden's *Britannia*.

"*Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda,
 Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*"

"Rose of the world, not Rose the fresh pure flow'r,
 Within this tomb hath taken up her bow'r;
 She scenteth now and nothing sweet doth smell,
 Which earst was wont to savour passing well."†

Cent-foot.] Thus again by our author—

"Let st. foote be, such follies lust affoord,
 For fairest play is euer aboue boord."‡

"Or to play at foot-st. with him."§

Skimmington.] "This burlesque ceremony was the invention of a woman, who thereby vindicated the character of a neighbour of hers, who had stoutly beaten her husband for being so saucy as to accuse his wife of being unfaithful to his bed."||

* *Taylor's Works*, 1630, p. 126.

† *Camden*, vol. i. col. 299.

‡ *Morall to the Ciuill Diuell, Strappado, &c.*

§ *Franké's Anatomie*, *ibid.*

|| [*Popular Antiquities of Gr. Britain*, 1870, ii. 127-31.]

Coventry.] Our author records the fame of 'Coventry blew,' yet rather singularly omits the opportunity of applying the popular allusion to the Puritans. Cleveland, 'in a new Litany,' says

"From a holy sister Coventry-blew,
Libera nos, Domine."

Stratford.] Frank Green was, probably, the female to whom Brathwait was "quondam friend," and subject of a poem entitled "An Embleme which the author composed in honour of his Mistris, to whom he rests euer deuoted: Allusiue shadowing her name in the title of the Embleme, which hee enstiles His Frankes Anatomie." Her person is described with all the minuteness and freedom of the school of Donne and other contemporary poets. It is followed by another address "Upon his Mistris Nuptials, entitled His Frankes Farewell."*

It may also be conjectured, 'for the name's sake,' she was joined afterwards with his wife in a complimentary effusion, as

An Hymne Thalassicall or Nuptiall; implying two worths included in one name, paradoxically intimating the true happie state of contented Love.

"What I have, that I craue,
Frank I lost, yet Frank I haue;
Happie am I in possessing
Of her that giues Love a blessing:
Blessed loue 'boue earthly ranke,
Stated in my style of Franke;
Happie style that thinkes no shame
In respect of nature, name,

* *Strappado for the Diuel*, 1615, p. 78-86.

Forme, affection, and in all
 To be Franke, as we her call.—
 Thus two Franks in beauty one,
 Yeelds enough to dote upon ;
 Equall both in favour, feature,
 Honour, order, name, and nature ;
 Both inclining to one stature,
 Equall'd by no earthly creature.—
 Yet if need's one th' *best* doe craue,
 In my thoughts it's she I haue :
 She whose vertues doe excell,
 As they seeme imparalell ;
 Modest, yet not too precise,
 Wise, yet not conceited wise.—
 With this poem and a pearle,
 Sent to Franke my faithful girl ;
 I conclude with friendly vow,
 To my Frank her neighbour too.”*

Orlando Furioso.] See book xxiii. Brathwait,
 in a poem called “How Fancie is a Phrensie,”
 says—

“Tell them the bookes I reade be such as treat
 Of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Pelmerin*,
 Furious *Orlando*, and *Gerilion*;
 Where I obserue each fashion and each feate
 Of amorous humours, which, in my conceipt,
 Seeme to to rare : that they that were so strong
 Should be so mad, and I be tame so long.”†

Skinkers.] Of Cornelius Vandunk it is said, “there
 is no monument hee so highly admires, as that great
 vessell of Heidelberge, which he holds a competent
 draught (and no more than competent) for any
Skinker in Europe.”‡ The Skinker was therefore

* *Time's Curtaine Drawne*, &c. oct. 1621.

† *Strappado for the Diuel*, p. 103.

‡ *The Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

considered a great drinker as well as a Tapster.* In the *Address to Bacchus* the author is to devise larger pots, and the others are to become forfeited—

“Which goods confiscate for their great abuse,
Nay, afterward redound unto the use
Of all such noble *skinkers* (by confession)
As were deceiv'd by men of this profession.”†

Saint Alban.] Our author appears to have extended the sense as to this Calendar Saint, whom, according to Camden, Fortunatus Presbyter mentions thus—

“*Albanum egregium fecunda Britannia profert.*
And fruitful Britain holy Alban shews.”

Highgate.] We have it by tradition that our author, upon Highgate Hill, should say—

“Fare thee well, London, thou’rt good for nought else
But whoredom, and Durdam, ‡ and ringing of belles.”

Islington.] The prevalence of the sign of the Lion at alehouses, is accounted for in Brathwait’s character of ‘A Painter’—

“My Lord Maiors day (says our author) is his Jubile, if any such inferior artist be admitted to so serious a solemnity: If not, Countrey presentments

* See *Shakespeare*, ed. 1803, vol. ii. p. 271, [and Dyce’s *Shakespeare Glossary*, v. Undersinker.]

† *Strappado for the Diuel.*

‡ An uproar or tumult, see Jamieson’s *Dictionary*. So the old Scotch ballad—

“Sic *hurdum durdam*, and sic din,
Sic fiddling and sic dancing, &c.”

are his preferment ; or else hee bestowes his pencile on an aged peece of decayed canvas in a sooty ale-house, where *Mother Redcap* must be set out in her colours. Here hee and his barmy Hostesse draw both together, but not in like nature ; she in ale, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which he meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a *signe*, and desire to have her *birch-pole* pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one ; which hee performes so poorely, as none that sees it but would take it for a *signe* hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had, before they can agree what *signe* must be rear'd. A *Meere-maide*, sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A *Lyon*, sayes he, for that's the onely *signe* that he can make. And this he formes so artlesly, as it requires his expression : *This is a Lion*. Which old Ellenor Rumming, his Tap-dame, denies, saying, *It should have been a Meere-maid.*" *

Three Cranes.] The sign of the Three Cranes was in the Vintry, [and was well known in the middle of the 16th century as the printing-house of William Copland.] This house remained long in repute, as, by the sign, it appears to be mentioned in a satirical *Character of a Coffee House with the Symptoms of a Town Wit*, 1673, fol., where the 'Stygian-Puddle Seller' is said to provide "back-recruiting Chocolet for the consumptive Gallant, Herefordshire Red-streak made of rotten Apples at the *three Cranes*, true Brunswick-mum brew'd at S. Katherine's, and Ale in peny mugs, not so big as a taylor's thimble."

* *Whimsies*, 1631.

Bacco.] Young, who is mentioned here as a vendor of tobacco, was probably the most noted Abel Druggier of that period, and thereby well known to our author, who very early in life "aspired to a pipe of rich smoake with a tinder-box,"* and seems to have lent his aid in a posthumous fashion to the Tobacconists, "In a little Tract entitled *Tobacco*: published by especiall direction of the author upon his death-bed, dedicated to Humphrey King, one well experienced in the use, benefit, and practice of that herbe, and printed for Will. Barley (with Tobacco armes), then keeping shop in Gracious Street."†

Iacco.] Refers to any popular house where wine was sold.

Ware.] The allusion to Sir Hugh Middleton being enriched by the project of the New River, is fixed upon by the editor of the fifth edition as internal evidence of the time when the journal was written being 1613. It is more probable the lines under consideration were written at a later period by thirty years, when the undertaking began to repay the projectors: and to show how little there is in the former editor's hypothesis, the following stanzas are given from an Elegy upon Prince Henry,‡ wherein Brathwait pointedly refers to the 'cost' of the concern—

"Why should men thinke th' inuention half so rare,
Or worth record, to bring a streame from Ware,

* *Holy Memorials*, &c., 1638.

† See the observations collected as from this tract reprinted in *The Smoking Age*, 1617. [Haslewood printed *Barlow*. See Herbert's *Ames*, p. 1277.]

‡ Printed in *The Poet's Willow*, 1614.

Of pure spring water? for without *lesse charge*
I could haue dreind a riuer full as large
Without ere pumping for't: and with a sluse
As artificiall: which could no way chuse
(Such is the force of an obsequious pittie)
But conuey water to most parts o' th' city.

And this without a Jacobs staffe, or ought
Saue the dimensions of an aierie thought;
Which measures each proportion, onely grieve
Excepted, which the measure of reliefe
Could neuer compasse: yet there would be fault
In my conueiance, for my spring is salt,
And mixt with briny vapors which distill
Like pond or marish waters from a hill:
But theirs more sweet, so could I mine allay,
If I had been at *so much cost as they*.*

Again in 1617 he comments upon the cost of the undertaking by saying, "thou makest us never thinke of our poverty, drawne in sluices from Ware, and in pipes to London."*

Royston.] At this town James I. had a residence for the purpose of enjoying the sport of hunting, and probably Brathwait was among those who participated with royalty in that amusement. In the ballad of *Corydon*, or the *Western Huntsman*, Brathwait says—

"Blaze not the fame-spred chace of Marathon,
Of hillie Oeta, heathie Calidon,
For th' chearefull coasts of peacefull Albyon,
May show New-market, *Roiston*, Maribon;
And boast as much vpon their game,
As any one could doe of them,
And amongst their doggs not one
Could match matchless Corydon."†

* *The Smoaking Age*, 1617, p. 151.

† *Time's Curtaine Drawn*, 1621.

Stonegate-hole.] There is great similitude between the ludicrous adventure of the attorney's clerk and part of the ancient tale of Dan Hew; monk of Leicester, inserted in the [*Popular Poetry of England*, iii. 130]. The same story was published by Brathwait, in an anonymous work, in 1640, which we shall repeat here, as it wears all the imposing appearance of being founded on truth.

"To inlay this our lecture with mixt stories, I shall adde one only tale of a spritely male, who, for love of a female, lost his maile, and afterwards runne post naked down Sautry-laine.

"There was an attorney's clarke, who comming along with his master by Stanegate-hole (or the Purser's prize), and hovering a little behind his master, purposely to ease himselfe, tyed his gelding to a stake in the hedge, and went over into the thicket adjoyning: where he no sooner enter'd than he perceived a dainty young wench, of an amiable presence, cheerefull countenance, and a wooing eye, beckning unto him, as if she affected nothing more than dalliance: The clarke, whose heate of youth prompted him on, though his master's speed call'd him back, friendly and freely accoasted her, preferring his owne sport before his master's speed. But while they were clozing up their youth-full bargaine, two lustie *takers* leapt out of a brake and surprised him, calling him to a sharpe account for the dishonour hee had offered their sister: Hee, who had no time admitted him to put in his plea, besought them that hee might bee dismiss: which motion they inclined to, but by no means till he had *payd his fees*. To bee short, they stript him naked to his skinn, seized on his port-mantua: and tying his hands behind him, mounted him, mother-naked as hee was, into his saddle. His gelding missing his master's horse, fell a

galloping and neying after him. The master with another fellow-traveller, hearing such a noyse and clattering behind them, though a good distance from them, looking back, might see one in white with great speed pursuing them : They imagining it to be one in white armour, put spurs to their horses : where all along *Sautry-laine* this eager chace continued ; the man harmelessly following, they fearefully flying : till they got to *Stilten*, where they thought themselves happy in such an harbour : where they reposed, till that *armed-man* appeared a *naked-man* ; whom we will leave to the correction of his master : to whom he made a free discovery of his misfortune, and consequently deserved more favour." *

Newfounded College.] The *Collegium purum* which our traveller went a little out of the way to visit, was the recent establishment by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. This foundation was laid about the year 1625 by this learned and pious man, who, having been Deputy Governor of the Virginia Company, after the violent dissolution of that body retired from public life, purchased the manor of Little Gidding, entered into holy orders, and there founded what was called a *Protestant nunnery*, composed of his mother, brothers, sisters, and their children ; in all about forty persons. The establishment was the subject of much difference of opinion, and much odium was attached to Archbishop Laud, who had ordained the founder, for his encouragement of an endowment so nearly allied to Popery. It is pleasant, however, to find our

* *Ar't aslepe, Husband!* A Boulster Lecture, oct. 1640, p. 64.

traveller paying, in his graceless ramble, a just tribute to the uprightness of the motives and conduct of the rigid devotees. The last descendant of this once eminent and singular family of Ferrar, a very worthy man, is now clerk of the parish of St Michael Stamford.—*Gilchrist.*

See *The Arminian Nunnery : or a Briefe Description and Relation of the late erected Monasticall Place, called the Arminian Nunnery at Little Gidding in Huntingdon-Shire*, 1641 ; and No. ix. and x. of Hearne's Appendix to the Preface to *Peter Langtoft's Chronicle*, 1725 : also the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1772, vol. xlii. p. 322 and 364 : and *Ecclesiastical Biography*, by C. Wordsworth, *L.L.D.* 1810, vol. v. p. 73.

Wansforth-Brigs.] The melancholy circumstances under which Barnabee visited Wansforth-Brigs enable us to fix [1636]* as the year in which part of his third Itinerary was written. The plague then ravaged the village, and the usual *Miserere mihi!* on the portals, which denoted the infected dwelling, serves to restore our apparently thoughtless wanderer to his sober senses. Another customary remark of that dreadful mortality pervading the house was a bloody cross on the door-posts, as we learn from the Water-Poet, where the inherent horror of the subject has rapt the sculler into strains of real poetry.

" In some whole street, perhaps, a shop or twaine
Stands open for small takings and less gayne,
And every closed window, door, and stall,
Makes each day seem a solemn festival.
Dead corse carried and received still,
While fiftie bodies scarce one grave doth fill.

* [Not 1642, as stated in a note to ed. 1820. The plague of 1636 was very widely spread.]

While *Lord have mercie on us!* on the door,
Altho the words be good, do grieve men sore,
And *o'er the door posts* fixed a CROSS of red,
Betokening that there Death some blood hath shed." *

A very excellent inn, the property of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, still perpetuates the perilous adventure of Barnabee in the Sign of the Haycock, on which he is represented as passing under "Wansforth-brigs" interlocuting the inhabitants as to the origin of his voyage.—*Gilchrist*.

Stamford.] Leland says "that a greate voice rennith that sumtyme readings of Liberall Sciences were at Staunforde." †

Thus Camden:—"University of Stamford.—In Edward the Third's reign [not to mention what the fragment of an old manuscript history says, concerning an University here, long before our Saviour,] an University for the study and profession of liberal arts and sciences was begun here; which the inhabitants look upon as their greatest glory. For when the hot contests at Oxford broke out between the students of the North and the South, a great number of them withdrew and settled here. However, a little while after they return'd to Oxford, and put an end to the new University which they had so lately begun; and from thenceforward it was provided, by an oath to that purpose, that no Oxford man should profess at Stamford. [Here are still the remains of two Colleges, ‡ one call'd *Black-hall*, and the other *Brazen-nose*; on

* *The fearful Summer*, p. 59. fo. ed. 1630.

† *Itinerary*, 1711, vol. vi. fol. 29.

‡ These Colleges of Brazen-nose were pulled down 1688. See *Britannia*, by Gough, 1806, vol. ii. p. 352.

the gate whereof is a great brazen nose and a ring through it, like that of the same name at Oxford. And it is evident that this did not take its pattern from Oxford, but Oxford from it; inasmuch as that at Oxford was not built before the reign of Henry the Seventh, and this is at least as old as Edward the Third, and probably older." *]

The following old provincial rhyme confirms the truth and propriety of Barnabee's observation on the 'swarming beggars at Stamford.'

"Peterborough for pride, *Stamford for poor*,
Deeping for a rogue, and Bourn for a whore."

Foramen Sarae.] This was a popular alehouse, still flourishing, called "the Hole i' the wall;" and the *Bona Roba*, as Justice Shallow has it, who entertained our traveller, was Sarah Edwards, whose decease is recorded in the parish register in 1646. This "drunkard's cave," not less in esteem than when visited by honest Barnabee, is at this hour owned and occupied by a right worthy landlord and sportsman ycleped Anthony Baker, and is probably the oldest *hospitium* in the place, for "The Maidenhead," where the Water-Poet rested on his "penillesse pilgrimage," has been long suppressed.—*Gilchrist.*

Witham.] If we had not the utmost confidence in our Traveller's accuracy, we might perhaps suspect him on this occasion of having reversed an old proverb, which says that

"*Ankham eel* and *Witham pike*,
In all England is none sike."

* *Britannia*, by Gibson, 1753, col. 555.




Barnabee is, however, correct, for those minute recorders of momentous events, and ancient chroniclers, recount an eel of enormous dimensions being stranded near the outlet of that river at Boston :—and indeed a similar prodigy was taken at no great distance in recent days. To have hooked one of such portentous size as put the fisher's safety in jeopardy *so high up the river* was reserved for the singular good-fortune of honest Barnabee, since the Witham has its origin in the village where our traveller rested, and may be stepped across anywhere between its source and the village of Colterworth (where Sir Isaac Newton was born) two miles lower. But there is the poet's licence ; so we trust, notwithstanding, that Barnabee's capacity will 'moult no feather' from this untoward circumstance.—*Gilchrist.*

The largest fresh-water eel I ever saw was caught in the river Witham, opposite Bardney. The boy who went to the bank with his line was terrified at its size, and cried out "a snake, a snake !" but the eel was secured by his companions, and carried off in juvenile triumph.—*P.*

Grantham. The town has long been celebrated for its whetstone, which is cake shaped like a whetstone, and is found in some church, 'whose spire is to be seen at night,' says Camden, 'and is famous for the stories told about it.' Barnabee has been perfect one to the number : he had been more explicit. The spire was 273 feet. A few years ago he undertook his third peregrination to the church of Grantham were in such a petition was presented to the parish church of the said being very spacious and the steeple

thereof famous for its eminent height, were at that present likely to fall into ruin,' expressing at the same time an utter inability to repair it. In this state it seems to have remained till 1661, when it was blown down and rebuilt. The engravings of Hollar, and the history of Dugdale, represent St. Paul's at the time Barnabee travelled as wanting only a spire to complete the building; and it is likely that the gossip ran among those who shared drunken Barnabee's computations, that this elegant spire of Grantham was about to be transplanted thence to perfect the splendid cathedral of St. Paul's.—*Gilchrist*.

To this communication of a literary friend we are enabled to add Brathwait's relation of the same story in another work. It is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess*, with the name of GRANTAM transposed into MARGANT, and may therefore be unhesitatingly applied to that place. An index hand is placed in the margin better to secure notice.  "They may wel seem to be ranked and endenized amongst that credulous plebeian society of *Margant*, who were made to beleieve, upon the ruines of a sumptuous and magnificent abbey-spire, that the State intended their spire (though many miles distant, should supply it: to divert which intendment, in all humble and ~~petitionary~~ manner, with joynt ~~consent~~ according to their weak conceit, they beseeched the State (with ample gratuities to some interceding favorites, for their better successe) to commiserate their case, and spare their spire. To which the State, pretending them all favour, after much laughter, pleasantly condescended." *

Retford.] Versifying the old adage that a fish should swim thrice: in water, in butter, and in wine.

* *The Arcadian Princess*, 1635, p. 203.

Robin Hood's Well.] Evelyn in his Tour through Yorkshire, in August 1654, says: "We all alighted in the highway to drink at a cristal spring which they called Robin Hood's Well; neere it is a stone chaire, and an iron ladle, to drink out of, chain'd to the seate." *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1818, vol. i. p. 278.

Tadcaster.] "Really (says Camden), considering the many currents that fall into [the Wharf] this so shallow and easie stream under the bridge is very strange, and might well give occasion to what a certain gentleman, who passed it in the summer-time, said of it—

*'Nil Tadcaster habet Musis vel carmine dignum,
Præter magnificè structum sine flumine pontem.*
Itinerary of T. Edes (*marginal Note*).

"Nothing at *Tadcaster* deserves a name,
But the fair bridge that's built without a stream.'"^{*}

Alerton.] "The throngest beast-fair on St. Bartholomew's day that I ever saw."—*Camden*.

Nesham.] At this town there was a Benedictine Nunnery, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and of which no vestige remains. Here Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., slept in her progress to Scotland. The last prioress was Johanna Lawson, who remained an annuitant in 1553. It was granted 32 Hen. VIII. to James Lawson, who appears to have been great-grandfather of Frances L., who married R. Braithwait. Nesham is in the parish

* Camden's *Britannia*.

of Hurworth, a beautiful village three miles from Darlington, on the banks of the Tees, and noted as the place where Emerson the celebrated mathematician resided. In right of his wife Brathwait possessed the manor of Nesham, which afterwards passed out of the family, and was sold by Sir Charles Turner to a Mr Wrightson, who offered it again for sale.

Richmund.] "Built by Alan the first earl, and honoured by him with this name which signifies a rich mount."—*Camden.*

Middlam.] "Robert Fitz-Ralph had all Went-saddle bestow'd on him by Conan earl of Bretagne and Richmond, and built a very strong castle at Middleham."—*Camden.*

Kendall.] A Charter of Incorporation was granted to this town in 18 Eliz., and another charter with additional privileges in the eleventh year of Charles I. The Itinerary being written when only the original charter existed, our author declares there was "nothing but a mayor wanted," which civic appointment was granted by the new charter. Probably the townspeople were applying for an extension of their privileges when the text was written, and after the obtainment of their request in 1636, it became necessary to add a record of it, by a note, which shows that additions were made long after the Itinerary was first written.

Si vitulum, &c.] From the third Eclogue of Virgil, but applied in a widely different sense, is on that account very neat.—*A.*

Malt-worm.] The following selection of passages, casually made, supply a further trait of the mannerism of our author, where he introduces a favourite metaphor of the worm; and the passages might probably be increased to every work he produced, with trifling labour.

O then thou earth-bred worme, why shouldest thou vant?—*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615.

Lick-wimbles, malt-wormes, vine-fretters, &c.—*Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

The gem soiled by a canker-worme.—As the glistening of the glow-worme from the light and splendour of the sunne.—The barraine braine-wormes of this time.—*The Smoaking Age*, 1617.

Cheering the wormes that on his body feed.—Death is wormes' caterer.—*Description of Death*, 1618.

Now, wormeling, let me speak.—*Discourse on moderate weeping*, 1618.

Thou sillie worme, compact of slimie mud.—Art thou a crawling worme, a feeble creature?—*Nature's Embassie*, 1621.

Thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil-worm.—*Shepherd's Tales*, 1621.

And the sonne of man wormes meat.—Which these earth-wormes of ours can never do.—The very tetter or ring-worme that eats into womens good name.—*English Gentleman*, 1630.

A wittie, waggish, braine-worme.—This malt-worme encounters with a portion of Frontineacke.—This worme will turne againe.—These glo-wormes they are soiles to the purest paper.—Till this yealous earth-worme is forgot.—Most politickly compound upon indifferent tearmes with his malt-worms.—*Whimzies*, 1631.

Taking of a red-worme from his gall.—The folly of a poore-wormlin.—*Arcadian Princess*, 1635.

When corruption shall bee my mother and wormes my brethren and sisters.—*Spiritual Spicerie*, 1638.

The poore worme of herselfe neither greatly harmefull nor profitable.—By scurrilous or factious brainewormes hatched.—*Survey of History*, 1638.

Engage my fancy to an earth-worm.—*Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640.

A little worme may lye under a great stone.—*Boulster Lecture*, 1640.

Lodges for wormes.—Poor passionate worme.—Where the worme is ever gnawing.—An earth-worme stript of his estate.—*Penitent Pilgrim*, 1641.

The worm will turn again.—*Comment upon Chaucer*, 1665.

Oppression is such a ring-worm as it spreads all over the face of his estate.—*Captive Captain*, 1665.

Closing scene.] The *vale* here introduced enumerates above a hundred different places; and as several names are not before mentioned, it may be concluded they were places where our tourist only took a 'whet.' Indeed, if there is excepted the long chalking at Daintry; the armour at Mansfield; the night and day work at Kendall; a seven-days tarrying at Preston; and being no starter, when once housed at the Three Cranes, our said Barnabee cannot be deemed a loiterer. He is modelled for novelty and new quarters; following the author's adopted adage—

*Unius noctis peramicus hospes,
Proximæ gratus minùs est amicis,
Tertiæ vultus patietur hostis
Dira minantis.*

Guests of one night stay may be kindly welcome,
Guests of a next night are not held so toothsome,

Guests of a third night are reputed noisome
To the receiver.*

Malton.] In the *Strappado for the Diuell* is a long humoursome poem 'Vpon a Poets Palfrey, lying in Lauander, for the discharge of his Prouender,' which accords in part with the description here given—

"Here stands a beast that eats and has no teeth,
Wiske out and winches, and *yet has no tayle*,
Looks like death's-head, and yet he is not death,
Neighs like an asse, and crawleth like a snayle,
All bones above, no belly vnderneath,
Legg'd like a cammell, with a sea-horse foote,
'So bigg's his head he cannot be got out.'"

Rippon.] Brathwait had early experience of some of the tricks used by jockeys. The following lines from his character as the shepherd Technis confirm this presumption, when he

— "did eat, did drinke, and merry make,
For no delight saue these did Technis take.
For I may say to you if so I had,
My lucke to *horse-flesh* had not beene so bad,
As by some yeeres experience I haue found:"—

Appleby.] The 'ancient seat' refers to the castle built there, "for its central as well as strong and beautiful situation in the barony."†

Hauxide.] This place, as well as a few others, are only named to say 'Farewell,' as though Barnabee made no long tarrying therein. For these partial

* *Survey of History*, 1638, p. 321.

† *History of Craven*, p. 350.

omissions it is difficult to assign a reason, unless it may be conjectured that it is not attributable to dearth of incident, but that Brathwait knew himself to be too intimately known in the neighbourhood of particular towns to remain, if they were described, long undiscovered as author of the poem. To notice one instance that must have been an intentional omission. He seems peculiarly anxious to avoid mentioning Catterick in his Itinerary; although Barnabee goes to Richmond and Middlam, and it was hardly probable, if even possible, in those days, for him to have gone from one to the other and avoid Catterick Bridge, and an inn there of great antiquity; always celebrated and even now one of the first in the North. Indeed the above conjecture seems tenable from the circumstance that Hauxide is omitted; and there a kinsman of our author resided, who obtained much popular influence and probably had property and a family established in that town. This appears by some lines "Vpon the late decease of his much lamented friend and kinsman Allen Nicholson, a zealous and industrious member both in Church and Commonweale."

*Hauxide laments thy death, Grasmyre not so,
Wishing thou hadst beene dead ten yeeres agoe,
For then her market had not so beene done,
But had suruiu'd thy age in time to come :
And well may Hauxide grieue at thy departure,
Since shee receiu'd from thee her ancient charter, &c.**

Garestang.] Noted for an extraordinary breed of cattle. In May 1772, a gentleman refused 30 guineas for a three-year-old cow, sold a calf of a

* *Remains after death, 1618.*

month's age for ten guineas, and bulls for a hundred. He killed an ox weighing twenty-one stone per quarter, exclusive of hide, offal, &c. so that well might *honest Barnabee* at the beginning of the 17th century celebrate the cattle of that place, notwithstanding the misfortune he met with in one of its great fairs.—A.

Lonesdale.] The copy of the Itinerary already alluded to as possessed by Mr Wilson, contained the following sarcastic lines in manuscript—

*Villa egena, populus elatus,
Templum damnosum ruiq; lautus,
Obeliscus jam novatus.*

A poor town, and a proud people
An old church, and a new steeple.

Richmond.] “To Nesham ~~with~~ *my woman.*” Brathwait, for an unlaboured rhyme, applies what now appears a homely expression to his wife, whom he seeks on all occasions to extol as the model of her sex. In “*Free, yet Bound; an Epigram upon Marriage,*” he says—

—“Thanks to heauen, I haue got such an one,
Who though shee be no profest monitor,
Shall, as shee merits, be my counsellour;
For shee is firme aboue comparison,
And loues all *Musique* saue *Division*:
Nor yet assumes shee to herselfe that power,
As her instructions were so absolute,
As first with reason shee should not dispute.”*

Kendall.] Leland, in his Itinerary, remarks of Kendall, or Kirkby Kendall, “in the town is but one church;” and therefore the pastor, whose example

* *Times Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.

was so little attended to, is probably the same person who had many years before obtained the like notice from the author in addressing the inhabitants of Kendall.

" But of all blessings that were reckoned yet,
In my opinion there is none so great,
As that especiall one which they receiue,
By th' graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue,
Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together,
(As both sincere, there's no defect in either,)
For in him both Urim and Thummim be ;
O that we had more pastors such as he :
For then in Sion should God's flocke encrease,
"Hauing such shepheards would not flea but fleece ;
Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire,
Tyrer's her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre ;
He to instruct her people, she to bring
Wealth to her towne by forraine trafficking."

Address to the Cottonneers, 1615.

John Dory.] For the ballad of John Dory see Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 163. This lyrical piece continued popular near a century. It was first inserted in the *Deuteromelia: or the second part of Musicks melodie, or melodius musicke*," 1609. To the farce called *The Empress of Morocco*, 1674, 4to. (which was an humorous burlesque upon the Opera with similar title by E. Settle) there is attached an "Epilogue being a new fancy after the old, and most surprising way of Macbeth, perform'd with new and costly machines, which were invented and managed by the most ingenious operator Mr. Henry Wright, P.G.Q." which was introduced to the audience by "the most renowned and melodious song of *John Dory*, being heard as it were in the air sung in parts by Spirits, to raise the expectation and charm the audience with thoughts

sublime, and worthy of that heroick scene which follows."

In Playford's *Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, this ballad is succeeded by the well-known satire upon Sir John Suckling as "a second part of *John Dory* made to the same tune, upon Sir John S—— expedition into Scotland, 1639." The same collection contains a song on the power of women, to the tune of the Blacksmith, beginning

"Will you give me leave and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your fathers before ye,
It shall do you more good than ten of John Dory,
Which nobody can deny."

Barnabee's censure of those who had rather hear "pipe than sermon," and next bidding to "dance lively with John Dory," is similar to Brathwait's address to the Cottonceers, where, after morally recommending the advantages of Charity, he proceeds in the following singular manner—

"So time shall crowne you with an happy end,
And consummate the wishes of a friend ;
So each (through peace of conscience) rapt with pleasure
Shall ioifully begin to dance his measure.
One footing actiuey *Wilson's* delight,
Descanting on this note, *I haue done what's right*,
Another ioying to be nam'd 'mongst them
Were made men-fishers of poore fisher-men.
The third as blith as any tongue can tell,
Because he's found a faithfull Samuel.
The fourth is chanting of his notes as gladly,
Keeping the tune for th' honour of *Arthur a Bradley*.
The fifth so pranke, he scarce can stand on ground,
Asking who'll sing with him *Mal Dixon's* round ?"

* This ballad is printed in the Appendix to Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795.

A new English version of this apology for *errata* appeared in poems by Lawrence Whyte, Dub. 1742, 12mo.—*Park*.

It was the fashion of that age for authors to implore favour of the reader for the supposed discrepancies of the press. One contemporary instance may be cited from a volume of considerable rarity entitled: *Marsh his mickle Monument*, 1645. A copy that belonged to the author has the following lines in manuscript—

The printer was too blame, for hee hath made
My verse speak nonsense, in a many places :
But gentle reader let mee now perswade
Thee for to help to mend theyr halting paces :
And whatsoere I put to printing next,
He watch him so hee shall not mar the text.

JOHN MARSH.

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* * The references to the *Itinerary* itself and to the *Notes* are given by signatures.

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